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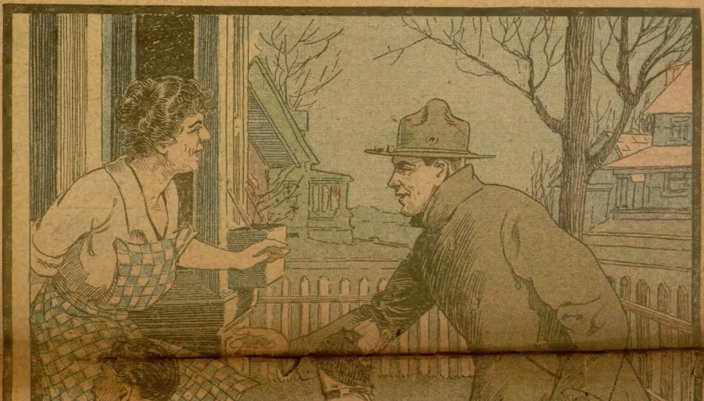
THEODORE HAMILTON

THANKSGIVING
1918

Love Problems

Conducted by Winifred Grey

Have you any love problems to solve? If so, address Winifred Grey in care of the Ledger's Editor. She will answer your queries thru these columns only, not by mail.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

There is a young man who seems to love me very much, and I think I am too young to be in love. What can I do? BROWN EYES.

Perhaps you only imagine he cares for you. If he says anything to you about it, tell him you think you are too young.

Don't Bother.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 15 and have a boy schoolmate two years my senior. He used to call on me three times a week, but now doesn't come to see me any more. What shall I do?

BROWN EYES.

If you are quite sure you have not offended your friend in any way, don't bother about him. You are too young to think about beaux.

Don't Try.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 16 years old and have a boy friend two years my senior. About a year and a half ago he moved from our town and I have not heard from him since. How can I renew our friendship? I think there is a misunderstanding between us. Please tell me what to do. BLUE EYES.

Unless you have offended this boy in some way don't make any effort to write to him.

What For?

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 14 and have a boy friend a year my senior. I wrote him last year and he never answered. He said he was afraid that a certain person would get it. Do you think that it would be all right to apologize? LIGHT HAIR.

Don't bother about the boy. You're too young. What do you want to apologize [illegible]

Forget Her.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 19, in love with a girl two years my junior. She loves me, but my parents don't want me to see her any more. She wants me to marry her. What shall I do?

H. L.

You can do nothing. Don't marry her. If you do, the marriage will not be legal, and your parents can have it annulled. Try to forget.

About Various Things.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Do you think nice girls wear striped stockings? Also what would be a nice present for a boy friend? Is it improper to car ride? Would it be improper for a girl to give a boy her picture without his asking for it, if the boy is kind of timid?

ROSE OF PIKE.

It is vulgar if girls wear short skirts. A book or a leather bill case would be all right. No. Don't give your picture to anybody unless it is asked for, and then only if you care for the person a great deal.

Too Slow.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a man of 20 in love with a girl 17. She told me she loved me a few weeks after we met, but lately she has taken interest in other young men. I talked to her about it, and she said I was too slow. What does she mean? L. C. R.

If I were you I wouldn't pay any attention to the girl. She is too young and so are you. Wait a few years, and without a doubt you will be able to find a girl who will be more suited to you.

A Sister Rival.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 and have a sister three years my senior who is coming home from California, where she has been for her health. While she was away I met a nice young man, and we love each other dearly, but my sister will be jealous of me when she gets back. I am willing to sacrifice my future happiness for her sake. How shall I give up my friend? He is leaving town in a month and wants me to wait for him till he returns. Please tell me what to do. LITTLE SISTER.

I think you are crossing your bridge before you reach it. Certainly you have no right to assume that your sweetheart will be willing to take her instead of you. Why cause yourself unhappiness with imaginary troubles? Wait for your sweetheart, and when he is ready, marry him.

Drop Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19 years old, deeply in love with a boy of 18. When we are together he says he loves me, but when other girls are around he hardly notices me, and I know he goes out with other girls. His people haven't a very good name, and my father is against my going with him. What shall I do? NETTY.

Drop the young man; he is fickle. You are very young and in a year or so will probably meet some one more worthy of you.

About Love and Dress.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 38, single, but in love with a handsome young doctor who comes to see my sick mother. He doesn't pay any attention to me. Do you think fine clothes will attract him? What colors should I wear, and how should I fix my hair? I have a fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes. Face rather full.

P. I. L.

Fine clothes will not attract the right kind of a man. If he doesn't pay any attention to you let it go at that. You can wear all shades of blues and browns and tan successfully. Dress your hair simply, with a knot low on the back of your head. Part it on the side, it will make your face look more oval.

A Divorced Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 in love with a man twelve years my senior. His former wife is married again. He [illegible] says his [illegible] wasn't then like it is now. I [illegible] indifferent to him when he is around, and tell him I don't believe what he says, altho I really do. Is this right? I told him we would quit going together because people talk. My father doesn't like him, but my mother does. Should I give him up? NOBLE GIRLIE.

I think you are a bit young to go about with a man of 30, tho there is no harm in it. Nevertheless, if I were you, I would think twice before marrying the man.

A Misunderstanding.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 16 living with my parents, but they treat me so cruelly that I would like to leave home. Sometimes I ask my mother why they treat me so, but she never listens to me. I have a cousin with whom I correspond secretly. She is married and has asked me to come to live with her. Shall I go, or should I stay here a while longer?

A. M. J. F.

There is only a big misunderstanding between you and your parents. Don't leave them, for you will be sorry later. Be thoughtful at home, and by acts as well as words get your mother's sympathy. She is your best friend.

Proper Conduct.

DEAR MISS GREY:

We are two young girls, 17 and 18 years old, and we go with two boys who want to put their arms around us. When we refuse they get peeved. Do you think we are right, and how can we still keep their company and show them they are wrong? We are also writing to two soldiers whom we have never seen. Is it all right?

BROWN EYES AND DIMPLES.

You are perfectly right. The right kind of boys won't want to put their arms around you, unless they love you. Don't bother about those boys. Yes, if you write short, friendly letters to the soldiers, it is all right.

Introductions.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Please tell me what to say when I am being introduced. EDW. S.

When you are introduced to a man shake hands with him, and say "I am glad to know you," or "Pleased to meet you." If it is a girl, don't shake hands. The same expression can be used.

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The Double Dealing of Broffy

A Humorous Story for Thanksgiving

By Laura Ellen Beale

IT was very late in the morning when Hank unrolled himself from his blanket, and stepping out of the tent, stood upon the prairie. Raising his half bent arms high in a prodigious stretch, his sleepy eyes slowly half circled the level view and stopped.

What he saw threatened a gust of profanity, but his yawning mouth closed slowly to a small aperture, from which issued nothing more violent than an absurdly small squeak of a whistle.

She had said she would, and she was surely doing it. She had proposed to build a house at once, and make her home permanently on this claim. This she had said and other things very much to the point, to Hank, the day before. Now with the team which had brought the lumber still in sight on the prairie, a chunky young fellow in blue bib overalls was already flying about with saw and hammer under her directions.

Hank watched their busy movements with interest and a grin of appreciation gradually stole over his face. Anyway he was sure that he knew one one man in Oklahoma who would certainly earn his pay that day.

She had been very late in making her settlement. Indeed the contention between Broffy and Hank, who had both settled on the land the day of the run, was well on toward the six-shooter stage before she had made her appearance. But manifestly, she considered their presence on the land of no real concern.

Each in turn had called upon her, then all thought of strife between the two men was over. There is nothing like real trouble to bring men together, for misery certainly loves company.

Broffy had gone first. He was in no wise a lady's man, but his people had come from Kentucky and he knew the traditions, so at full fifty feet, he ceremoniously uncovered. He had had a very confused notion of what he would say to her, but that turned out to be of little matter. It was what she said to him that counted.

And she began promptly enough. She spoke rapidly and to such end that when he turned away his bewilderment had so immeasurably increased that he rode clear into town bareheaded, unmindful that he still carried his hat in the crook of his right arm.

He was behind the bar in his own place, with two very long drinks beneath his belt, before he again felt enough himself to swear comfortably.

The next morning, passing at a distance on his way to town, he saw Hank talking to her, and a smile, half wicked, half sympathetic, flitted across his face. Thirty minutes later the two men were facing each other across the bar in Broffy's saloon.

Owing to the fact that they were both striving for the same land, it was Hank's first visit to the Red Light, but Broffy's actions indicated nothing but hospitable preparedness.

"Howdy," he saluted affably, and drew from beneath the bar a goblet already two-thirds filled with whisky, which he sat before Hank.

"Here's first aid to the injured. I saw you," he explained in a hoarse whisper, "an' I shore reckon you're a-needin' your bracer, man's size. I got my talk yesterday," he continued, "and it tuk two drinks like that an' a cigar to put me straight."

Hank nodded and gripped the glass. He drank the liquor and stood leaning heavily on the bar.

"Ain't she a wonder?" he inquired in a tone of reluctant admiration, and Broffy looked his acquiescence.

"Beats the best," he replied with decision. "Orter been a detective."

"Say, you know, old man," feelingly, "she told me more mean things about myself yesterday in ten minutes than all my best friends could find out in a lifetime. From crokay to murder, I'm the guilty man. I've done 'em all, an' now I'm doin' wus—traffickin' in the Demon Rum. Regrets to learn that I'm the keeper of a common saloon. Common saloon, Hank, d'ye hear? Say, what do yu think of that, an' the Red Light's bar the shiniest this side of Kay See?"

"That's pretty bad," agreed Hank, striving to hide a grin, "but is that all?"

"All," echoed Broffy; "all!" and his despairing gesture was more eloquent than words.

"Well, what else did she say?" mercilessly persisted Hank, and Broffy, straightening up, pressed his hand against his forehead in a mighty effort of concentration.

"Well, dang it," he admitted weakly, after a pause, "I dunno as she said so awful much;" then, triumphantly, "them kind don't have tu say much. It's the way they say it.

"Why, blame it, Hank, after that talking to, I felt so miserable low-down that a worm would a' had to bend over to look me square in the eye."

Hand nodded understandingly. He had just come from her and the recollection of his visit still caused him to shrivel.

"Don't take it so hard, old man; you ain't alone," he urged, consolingly. "She's found me out, too."

Broffy was hurt and showed it, but he comforted visibly at Hank's words. "What'd yu learn?" he asked.

"A heap," admitted Hank with vigor. "I ain't just a common criminal; I'm worse. I'm the limit, I am."

"You see, Broffy," he continued in response to the other's stare of inquiry, "you didn't know it, but you're trying to hold this land for unlawful speculation. I know, because she told me so. I'm your hired man, and my contest is just a bluff to keep off honest settlers. But it don't work. She's on to us and the way she's going to bust up our scheme would be hard to describe.

"Understands this sort of skulduggery is too common, and feels it her duty to put a stop to it. Got it figured out that there's some mighty high principle involved, and you know what the New England folks are for principle, Broffy, and she's a school marm, straight from Boston."

"Looks powerful bad," commented Broffy, with a sarcastic grin. "I wonder who told on us."

"I don't know." And Hank's teeth clicked. "I only wish I did."

Then a blank look of inquiry stole over the faces of the two men. To each had come the same question, and Hank put it into words. "What are we going to do with her?" he asked, and Broffy, not having the answer, in silence reached for a squatty black bottle and another glass.

And now as he stood listening to the hammering and sawing, and watched the little box house rapidly taking shape, that question again forced itself upon Hank. It was still unanswered and, bringing a stool from the tent, he sat down to think it out.

Of course there was nothing in the situation to warrant real concern, for her claims were too manifestly absurd to be seriously considered for a minute. The contest for the title to this valuable quarter section of land adjoining town was still only between Broffy and himself, but that was not the thing, and Hank scowled ferociously.

He knew the ways of the land-shark and he would have been immensely gratified to have had the right one there then. He wondered what the scoundrel had received for locating her on their claim, and inventing that weird story of criminal conspiracy. He must certainly have been a convincing talker, for she had gulped down every word, and at the thought of some of the things she evidently believed, Hank flushed angrily. Of course the truth would straighten things, for when she was made to see how mercilessly she had been victimized, that would end it. But who in thunder was to tell her?

He ground his heel into the sod vindictively. Plainly that was his job and he didn't like it.

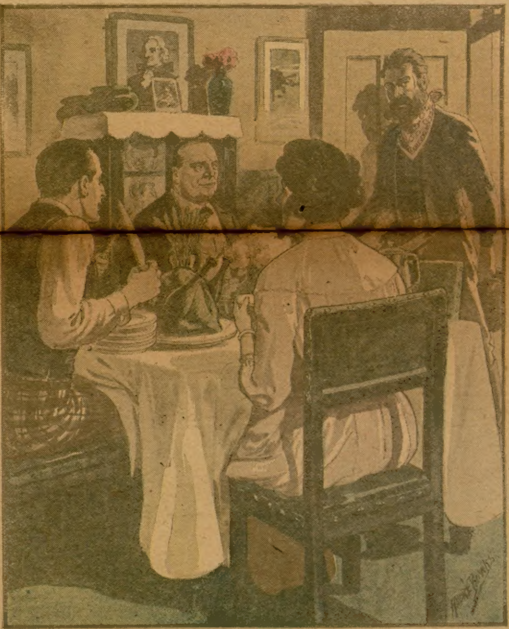
There was Broffy, but at the thought of him, he shook his head. For however capable Broffy might be in most things, in this crisis he was sure to be weakly inadequate. He was too full of nonsensical chivalry of the old West to be able ever to screw up his courage to the point of imparting disagreeable information to a lady in his own interest. It would be more like him to surrender without a word, and walk off, leaving her in possession.

A whimsical smile lighted Hank's face. It had occurred to him to wonder what the little woman would think if she really knew how badly her two ruffians were disturbed just because, in the defense of their own rights, the facts must be unpleasantly humiliating to her. It would compel a readjustment of her notion of them, that was sure.

He might try to accomplish something of this by telling her a lot of good things about Broffy, and all of them true, but there was the saloon. Nor would it matter that this was his first venture, begun on the day of the opening, and with the owner already, disgustedly, trying to sell out. He was still the keeper of a "common saloon" and that would settle Broffy.

Regarding himself, Hank did not deem it profitable to explain that only a half dozen years intervened between the "Henry," first honor man in the graduating class of one of the great Eastern colleges, and the bearded "Hank" of today. It was not certain that she would believe him, and anyway, if she did, he had a notion that she might regard his as a pretty swift descent.

His college education had never been particularly useful to him, but he had tried not to let it hinder his work in the cattle business. And there always had been a satisfaction in the thought that between him and a politer civilization


"Come in, Hank, and Set Up," Mumbled Broffy, Hospitably.

was only a suit of clothes and a hat. He had the hat now. Hank had stuck to the stiff hat because it couldn't flop, and then the higher crown afforded a place for his extra pack of tobacco and cigarette paper.

He took it off now and regarded it ruefully. It had turned green in spots and the brim was horribly frayed. Slim enough evidence, indeed, of a respectability in the back of one's life, but ages in advance of the tremendous broad brim which shaded Broffy.

He arose and tumbled the stool back into the tent. No easy plan had come to him, but he felt that he should hesitate no longer. It was unfair to permit her to waste more money making improvements while in ignorance of the real value of her settlement. He would go to her, and must trust to inspiration for the right thing to say. Then he surveyed himself in the bright side of the lid of the lard can, and nearly backed out.

Making a wry face, he dropped the lid with a clatter and, gripping himself by an effort, he started forth. Then a sudden resentment against Broffy and his kind filled him. It was just another instance of evil association, for it is certain that he had lived too long on the plains with them. The nervous chill which raced along his backbone, as he walked, was evidence of that. But he pushed on recklessly, straight ahead, until within thirty feet of the little shack, and had received the full glare of two very suspicious blue eyes.

Then without slackening his gait, his hat rim clutched in a kind of a salute, he tip-toed a wide detour, and passed on into town and to Broffy's.

That gentleman in his shirt sleeves, was seated outside before his place, and Hank sank into a chair beside him. He took the cigar which Broffy offered, and lighted it.

"That's a job for the sheriff," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Say, what the 'ell is the law for, anyway, Broffy?" he appealed, half guiltily, but the latter shook his head.

"I've seen the sheriff and that's no go," he said, "made a holler right off. Wanted to know what he'd ever done to me. Cap's all right, you know, Hank, for just roundin' up common murderers and cattle thieves, but this is too many for him."

"No, this deal, the sheriff's in the discard. It's me an' you an' the school marm for it." And Hank felt that he spoke the truth.

"Well, I'm out of it," he announced, and Broffy heaved a sigh of resignation.

During the weeks that followed, Hank saw but little of Broffy. He knew that he had sold the Red Light, and he saw him busy about his own little shanty, but it was late in November before he again talked with him. Then one afternoon he came to Hank's tent.

He poked his head through the slit, then hesitated politely while Hank stared in wonder, which wonder increased as the rest of Broffy shoved into sight. Everything in his attire was wonderfully new and strange, save the long boots, and they, polished to the very tops, were hardly recognizable. Instead of the rusty jeans which had long protected Broffy's thin legs, were a pair of trousers of very decided black and white check, and he sweltered beneath the fuzzy folds of a winter weight frock coat with long tails and flapping pockets.

But it was the hat which caught Hank's gaze. It was a stiff of antique mode, with tightly rolled brim and very low crown, and, after one look, he fell back upon his bunk with a wild shriek of laughter.

"Dang it, I knowed yu would," said Broffy, eying him with bitter resignation. He sat down, and removing his hat, placed it carefully upon another stool, and then added impressively:

"But maybe when you get all the laugh outer yu, yu'll be ready to sit up and listen to some real news." He mopped his heated face, and Hank, choking back another outburst, straightened up.

"It's selling the Red Light that did it," began Broffy, vaguely. And Hank stared, more mystified than ever.

"Yu see, a day or so orter that, I meets the school marm," he went on. "Run plum bang into her comin' out o' the postoffice. It was too late to run, and at sight of me she breaks out into a grin, and before I knows it we was just a' shakin' hands to beat the band.

"Just had heard about my sellin' out," she said, "and wanted to congratulate me on my decidin' to quit such a sinful business. Was powerful glad she'd been inspired to say the right thing to make me do it. Hoped I'd come over to her house again, any time, for enough more talk to make me lopp off the balance of my cussedness.

"There wasn't any doubt in her mind but what she'd done it, and I shore was too scared to deny it, and I was durned glad I didn't, for when I gets home I had a hunch that now we could settle this claim proposition peaceable like. For arter a lead like that, old man, there's nothin' to hinder me from goin' over there an' tellin' her the straight of this here squabble. She'll believe anything I say, now 'at she's reformed me. I've made up my mind I'll go tonight, and fix it for good an' all, if you'll go along.

"And you know, Hank," he continued with some embarrassment, "'at I never did have duds enough to wad a gun, let alone for an occasion like this, so I let the Jew at the Chicago store fix me up a bit.

"What d'ye think of this here rig?" And he looked in painful doubt at the other. "The Jew swore he never saw such a change in a man in his life."

"He's right," agreed Hank, enthusiastically, and Broffy looked relieved.

"Then yu'll 'go 'long?" he continued, hopefully, but Hank shook his head.

"Nixey!" he said emphatically. "With you in those togs and me like a tramp, never! But I'll tell you what I'll do, old man, I'll go part way and wait outside, and if you need me you can holler."

Broffy begged, but Hank wouldn't budge, and with this understanding when it had grown dark, the two set out.

"Come, go 'long in," again implored Broffy, when Hank stopped within a few yards of the house. But the latter still refused.

He watched Broffy for a second outlined in the light of the open door, and saw him go in and the door close again. Then he turned and ran hurriedly in the direction of town.

On the road, he met little Jones, the Justice of the Peace, and he stopped to tell him. The Judge, who seemed surprised at meeting Hank, was in a hurry, and he listened at first impatiently, but when he caught the point he went on laughing louder than Hank, even.

Indeed the whole thing was so inexpressibly funny to Hank that, returning an hour later, his mirth had only subsided to a series of throaty chuckles.

From the window of the little house a bright light was shining, and he knew that Broffy had not yet effected his escape.

Below the white muslin curtain was a clear space, and thru this Hank could see the interior of the room. He laughed aloud and slapped his thigh. It needed but this view of the old man's discomfort to complete the joke, and approaching softly he peered thru the glass. Then his knees gave a little and his weight sank heavily on his chin, resting on the window ledge.

At a table within loaded with more good things to eat than Hank had ever seen in this country, were seated the little woman and Broffy. Broffy was in his shirt sleeves, and across from him was little Jones, the Justice of the Peace, while on the end, an empty chair stood before a plate turned down.

Jones was telling something, which must have been very funny, for they all laughed until they shook. Then Hank came to, and, rushing wildly around the corner of the house, thundered on the door.

"Come in, Hank, and set up," mumbled Broffy, hospitably, thru a mouthful of food, and indicating the empty chair with his knife which he held in his hand. "Me and Mrs. Broffy was afeared you'd not get back in time."

"Mrs Broffy!" and Hank sat down hard.

"Judge Jones here was just saying that he had met you as he was coming from town," explained that lady, with a broad smile, "and as you seemed in such a hurry, we had concluded that we were not to have the pleasure of having you with us."

"It's sure one on me," he admitted with a laugh. And they all fell to eating.

"She knew all about it from the first," explained Broffy later in the meal. "Only took a day or two to learn how unmercifully she'd been tuk in by them miserable land sharks, and I reckon she'd a lit out then only she'd seen me. Hadn't you, honey?" and Broffy winked so audaciously at his bride that Hank blushed. "So when I got shet of that ornery saloon, the rest was easy," Broffy concluded with beaming countenance.

Hank ate heartily, and tried to think. There were roast turkey and cranberry sauce and real pumpkin pie, but it was not until the third piece that he realized that this was Thanksgiving Day. This was the first real feast he'd had on that day for a very long time, and when it was over, he told the others of a scheme which had suddenly come to him, for its proper celebration.

Broffy and his wife started to protest, but he sternly waved them into silence.

"A cut of that pie is worth any farm in Oklahoma," he gravely announced. "Ain't it, Judge?" and Jones, striving to stifle a groan as he unfastened the very last button at the top of his vest, agreed with him.

"And I've had three pieces already," continued Hank, "so the trade is made. Besides," he went on, with a flush, "I reckon, when 'Squire Jones here gets to town with that story of his, the air around San Antonio will be better for my lungs. I never could stand such a josh, could I, Broffy?"

Mrs. Broffy still protested, but her husband, with a fine look of understanding, stretched out his arm, and across the table littered with the remnants of the Thanksgiving feast, the two men solemnly shook hands.

Second Installment of Demons of the Sea

By H. M. Egbert

Read This First

LIEUTENANT PAGET, of the U. S. Navy, meets Captain Masterman, an old friend, when on leave in Washington. Masterman tells him about his latest discovery in submarine life, which threatens to destroy the world. Masterman, exciting himself over his rival, MacBeard, dies suddenly before he finishes his story. Paget finds a letter addressed to him in Masterman's pocket, and immediately hurries to the old man's house in Baltimore. There he sees a form of undersea life which terrorizes him. While he is looking at it, MacBeard, who has followed him, sandbags him, and takes away the letter which contains valuable information about the discovery.

This story began in No. 46, the Ledger, dated Nov 16. Back copies may be obtained either thru this office or from our newsdealers or agents.

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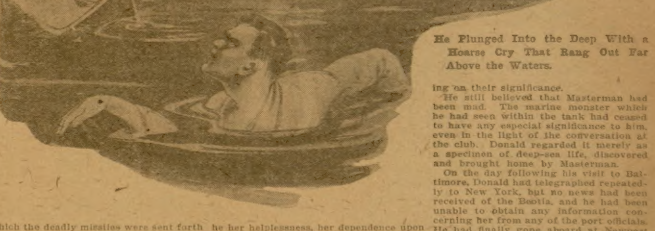
CHAPTER IV.

THE QUEST OF THE SEA SHARK.



He Plunged Into the Deep With a Hoarse Cry That Rang Out Far Above the Waters.

LIEUTENANT DONALD PAGET stood on the upper platform of the F55, which ran awash in the waves of the North Atlantic, far from the mother ship which had convoyed her and others of the flotilla almost to the north of Scotland.

The frail little craft hummed noisily as her petrol motors drove the twin screws thru the water. The F55, one of the older type of submarine, was making ten knots thru a difficult sea. Within her 250 feet by 15 she held an amazing potentiality for destruction.

Every inch of the little submersible seemed filled with mechanism, leaving the scantiest living quarters for her captain and crew of eight men. In the stern were her petrol motors, and the electric ones for driving under water. Amidships were the men's and captain's quarters, on either side of the conning tower. The bow was occupied by the torpedo room, the torpedo airtank, compensating tank and launching tube, from which the deadly missiles were sent forth against enemy ships.

In addition, space had to be found for the periscope motor, the balancing-tanks below, alkali air renovators and a store of mines.

Above the conning tower rose the single periscope for the captain or lookout man—now almost useless, should the F55 submerge herself, on account of the washing seas. Within the tower were the observation port, depth meter, and tubes connecting with the engine-room, and torpedo station. The platform quivered incessantly as the periscope motor underneath throbbed, and the vibration of the engines made the entire vessel shiver.

Donald knew how unfounded was the landsman's faith in the invincibility of the submarine. None realized better than he her helplessness, her dependence upon weather and fuel supply, the facile target which the wash in her wake makes for an enemy's guns, the weakness of her periscope vision, the cumbersome maneuvering necessary before the bow can be aligned for torpedo firing, and, in the older type of underseas vessel, the two or three minutes of helplessness during the processes of submergence and reappearance.

In the few days that he had been at sea, the sense of responsibility for his ship and the lives of his men had weighed on Donald heavily. Now, entering the conning tower, and taking his stand beside the lookout man, he seemed to assume a dual personality. One part of him bent itself automatically to its task. The other was thinking over the events of the past few days, and pondering on their significance.

He still believed that Masterman had been mad. The marine monster which he had seen within the tank had ceased to have any especial significance to him, even in the light of the conversation at the club. Donald regarded it merely as a specimen of deep-sea life, discovered and brought home by Masterman.

On the day following his visit to Baltimore, Donald had telegraphed repeatedly to New York, but no news had been received of the Beotia, and he had been unable to obtain any information concerning her from any of the port officials. He had finally gone aboard at Newport News in a very disappointed frame of mind, hopeless of meeting Ida Kennedy until after the war.

The chance of his surviving it did not appear to him to be a brilliant one.

A last message from the mother ship informed him to keep his course toward the Shetlands. He was instructed that a battle cruiser had slipped out of the Kiel Canal and was lurking somewhere among the Norwegian fjords, with a view to evading the blockade, making for the Atlantic, and harassing shipping there. The inference from the statement was an obvious one, for the American fleet's patrol joined the British in this longitude.

"Smoke to starboard, sir!"

Sam Clouts, the lookout, was speaking, and instantly the two parts of Donald's personality fused. Ida Kennedy was forgotten. Upon the horizon, thru his glasses, Donald could see a tiny spiral of curling smoke.

He flung over the surface steering wheel and headed the F55 straight for the stranger. From that distance he knew that, while he could see the funnels of the ship, the submarine was invisible, owing to the curvature of the earth.

Relinquishing the wheel to Clouts, he watched the stranger. Gradually the smoke thickened; then there came into view two funnels, and a hull half invisible among the chopping waves.

It was impossible to mistake the oncoming ship. She was a battle cruiser of the Bluecher class, and she could only be escaping westward to harry commerce along the Atlantic trade route. With her fast heels and 12-inch guns, she could match any unit afloat except those of the home squadron.

Donald's luck was with him after all. She was proceeding west-nor'-west, evidently purposing to round the Shetlands and so gain the shelter of the open seas. It was a daring maneuver, and she would certainly be sighted by the British destroyer flotilla. Still, tho she could hardly outsteam these fast little craft, she might beat them off and escape before either the British or the American blockading vessels could come upon the scene.

Donald spoke a sharp command into the tube of the diving station. The hatch was jammed down. The horizontal rudders at the bow were deflected, the water rushed into the diving tanks, and the F55 began to dip.

The surface running light slanted seaward as the bow went under, and slowly regained poise as the stern followed, bringing the F55 back to an even keel. The hum of the petrol motors ceased, the hull was filled with the roar of the inrushing water; then the electric motors took up their steady throbbing.

"Five meters!" announced the man at the depth indicator. "Six meters! Seven—half!"

The cold of the sea crept thru the thin sheaths of the hull and pervaded the interior. The electric heaters began to diffuse an even warmth thruout the vessel. The tanks were nearly full. The surface running and signal lights had disappeared, and only the turning periscope was visible. Within the conning tower Donald kept his eyes glued to the mirror. The enemy cruiser came into the vision of his arc of 60 degrees.

He held her in the center.

At first the hum of the electric motors dominated all other sounds, but gradually it became blended with a medley of noises. Placing his ear a moment against the plating of the hull, Donald could hear a steady tho faint pounding, which came, not from within, but from the bearings of the distant warship, transmitted under water. Somewhere, too, Donald fancied that a destroyer was speeding toward them, for there was a faint and almost imperceptible whirring, as of high-speed machinery. Mixed with the throb of the screws there came the sound of their suction.

There was also that sound peculiar to each ship, expressive of her individuality, resembling nothing so much as the subdued hum of distant voices.

If only Donald had had a rotary receiver, it might have been possible to be almost as much at home here as above water. But the old F55, obsolete craft that she was, had been hurried to sea with neither receiving nor transmitting apparatus.

At times the seas, breaking over the periscope, obscured his vision. Sometimes, too, the cruiser shifted outside her arc; then the periscope motor started anew, and slowly she would swing back, growing more discernible.

Below, the men, who understood that an enemy ship was near, waited in suppressed excitement.

"We'll have to try her at a mile, Clouts," said Donald to the lookout.

He carried only three torpedoes. He would have liked to close in and make sure of his prey, but a shot at almost that extreme range seemed preferable to hazarding the vessel and the lives of his crew.

"Aye, sir!" answered Sam Clouts.

Clouts was a man of about forty years, hook-nosed, with bland, humorous blue eyes, and a square jaw under a square, bristling beard. When off duty he was perpetually playing a mouth-organ, and Donald could not help smiling to see his hand stealing covetously toward his pocket even now.

The German could hardly have been more than a mile away when she suddenly changed her course to westward. Donald had been approaching her head on, with the object of maneuvering, when within striking distance, to send a torpedo amidships. The new course of the vessel was a bitter disappointment to him.

Already her image was beginning to diminish on the periscope mirror, and moving toward the edge. In a straight chase she would leave him hopelessly behind. Her speed, even if the submarine came up, was nearly three times as fast.

Donald realized that she was nearing the Shetlands and endeavoring to make the passage between mainland and Fair Island. That was the most hazardous part of her journey. Once beyond the straits, she would be free in the open Atlantic.

He gave the order to rise. The tanks were blown, the rudders and diving planes adjusted; the F55 began to mount upward. A green translucency appeared. The electric lights went out. The hatches were opened. A gust of fresh air drove the stale atmosphere away. The petrol motors took up the task of the electric ones.

The cruiser was nearly two miles distant. With her changed course the submarine might be able to get within torpedo range if the German turned to negotiate the intricate, rocky passage.

Donald ordered full speed. The vessel drove high thru the waves, achieving 12 knots.

A shadow edged the misty horizon. It was Sumburgh head, the extreme southerly point of the Shetlands. Here the cruiser was due to turn.

"Smoke to port, sir!" said Clouts.

The German had evidently seen it at the same time, for her speed began to diminish. This meant that she was steering cautiously to gain the shelter of Sumburgh, behind which she might lie unseen for observation.

If it was an English battle cruiser that was approaching, the ship would be hard put to it to escape. It was not likely that the oncoming ship had sighted her smoke thru the increasing haze.

Donald drove hard for the main channel. He knew that he could catch the German now, and he was ready to take chances of discovery. Meanwhile, inch by inch, the stranger came up out of the sea.

At first Donald believed she was a British battle cruiser. This hope was soon dispelled, however, when her funnels showed three black stacks, ringed with white, the color of the Claude line, and the heavy hull, built for freight, not speed.

His heart began to thump heavily. For the Beotia was one of the Claude line's ships, and the approaching vessel looked very much like the overdue Beotia.

Evidently she had received wireless messages advising her to take the northerly route. This would account for her delay. She must have expected to be picked up by an escorting cruiser.

And Ida was aboard her, and already well within range of the enemy's guns! The two ships had sighted each other. Donald saw the Beotia diminish to a thread line as she turned and ran, prow on, toward the Orkneys.

A spurt of flame broke from the German's bow. A coil of cloud followed it. A few seconds later the boom of the discharge echoed across the water, and a pillar of spray shot up near the Beotia's bow. The battleship turned toward her prey.

And Donald's chance had come.

The Beotia had no intention of surrendering. The German, following her, perceived the lurking danger, and at once his guns were trained on the submarine.

The F55 dipped at the bow. A shell hooted over her, and a second, falling shorter, deluged the submersible with water. But the F55 was stern down and sinking. Her periscope shot thru the waves, the only target, and in the conning tower Donald sat with his eyes fast on the mirror.

Ten feet below the surface the F55 plunged on toward the monarch of the sea.

The sound of the guns was vastly louder under the waves. A single shot, sent home, would smash thru the thin plates as if they were paper. But Donald knew that it was the supreme moment when danger must be ignored. He seemed to sense the ship, the crew, as a single entity, devoted to a single purpose. He aimed his bow directly into his enemy's port flank. She was less than a mile away. At that distance it seemed a miracle that her shells failed to strike home.

Down in the torpedo-room three men bore a torpedo from the rack and placed it in the slings. They swung it forward into the breech of the tube. One man at the pump rapidly filled the breech chamber with the compressed air that was to send the missile upon its course.

Donald, in the conning tower, still saw the smoke coil from her guns, he heard their dull reverberation, and knew that at any moment the blinded F55 might be sent staggering to her death thru the wake of her wash. But he was animated by the single-minded purpose which inspired all, and made the steel and human mechanism a bolt forged for death.

Clouts, at the wheel, did not allow the little craft to deviate a hair's breadth from her course.

"Stand by!"

The hiss of the oxygen apparatus dominated all other sounds. At her 45-knot speed the missile left the launching tube with a heavy thud, and the ship quivered as she shook herself free.

And Donald knew that his shot had gone home.

He stopped the electric motor and waited. All could hear plainly the whir of the machinery within the torpedo as she sped on her way, and the three-quarters of a minute interval that followed was fraught with the most intense suspense. In the torpedo-room the men were already placing a second missile within the sling.

The whir grew less, but all listened until the end of the mile-long journey.

On board the enemy ship every one could see the air bubbles that came up from the speeding missile and its white, foaming wake. There was no time to maneuver the giant ship. They prayed—they could do no more—that the torpedo might not have been shot true; that it might deviate from its imminent path.

It came on inexorably. The firing became wilder. The gunners, absorbed as they were in their task, seemed permeated with the contagious terror cause by that white, rippling pencil line that was extending toward their ship.

The missile struck the battle cruiser amidships, blowing out a section of her hull, a single water-tight compartment. The cruiser hardly staggered from the blow.

The torpedo had struck glancing, and missed the full force of its delivery. The wound was in itself too small to sink or even badly cripple the great ship, a triumph of shipbuilding, calculated to withstand just such an impact.

Unfortunately for her, the maximum of the shock was received beneath the power-room, adjacent to the ammunition chamber, whose doors were open at that moment for the removal of the 12-inch shells by the ammunition hoist.

The shock was followd by an infinite suspense. Perhaps it lasted for two seconds. The cruiser drove thru the waves like some sea monster that had received a deadly thrust unscathed.

Then, with a detonation that was heard from Sumburgh to Sutherland, she went sky-high in tumbling ruin. Donald, within the conning tower, saw a blur frost the mirror of the periscope.

Another second passed. Then the F55 [illegible] the explosion. She spun round under the waves and thrilled as if she herself faced disruption.

The bilge-pumps cleared her diving tanks. She rose, nose upward, scenting the air; her stern followed, and she lay awash in the water once more. The hatches were removed.

Not a vestige of the cruiser was to be seen. She had sunk in less than three minutes.

But hard by, not three-quarters of a mile to port, a pillar of smoke, lit up by flame, curled out of the Beotia's hatches. Deeming her the submarine's decoy, the cruiser's gunners had riddled her with shells from the 12-inch guns at the bow.

She seemed to stagger thru the smoke that wreathed her. She was dying by fire and water, too, and the twin elements, in their eternal conflict, recked nothing of her human freight.

And Ida was there—Ida, doomed to perish, if she were not already dead, unless help speedily came!

Donald took the helm. The F55 rushed thru the waves in the direction of the Claude liner, which listed hard to starboard. Two boats had already been launched, and bobbed ridiculously beside her; others remained high up in the air, impotent, because the list prevented their being lowered, and dashed themselves to pieces against the hull as they swung from the shattered davits.

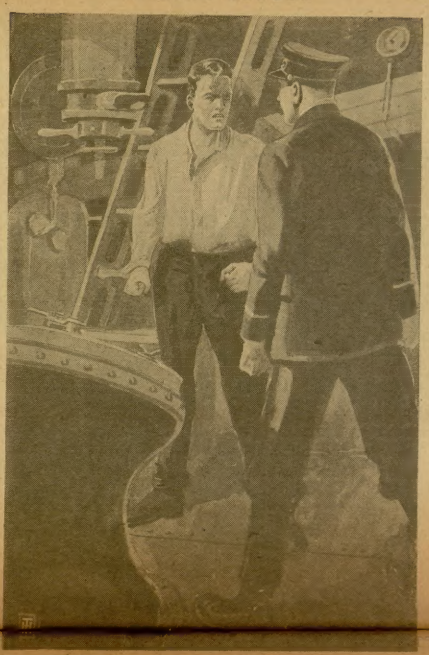
The Beotia lay on her side like a huge stranded whale. Her funnels were already flat with the waves. Only the round of her hull was to be seen, covered with crawling figures, which moved ant-like over the plates. The ridge of the keel cleft the lashing waves into white foam. The propellers were churning helplessly, one lashing the air, one whitening the sea with spray.

As the F55 drew near the ocean seemed to open. Silently, softly, the convexity of the hull slipped down and was lost to view as the sun's edge goes into the horizon. A swirl and eddy in the sea, and nothing remained except the two boats and some tiny, doll-like figures that bobbed in the water.

And, borne on the wind, there came a desolate cry, as tho the agony of all merged into one note of intolerable pain.

A gasp of horror went up from the throats of the seamen, clustered upon the deck of the F55, as the swirl sucked down the boat that was the nearer to the maelstrom of the wreck. It sucked down with all its living freight, and spewed it forth into the air again, end on—empty.

The other, fighting valiantly, went spinning round and round. There seemed nothing but the gyrating boat, not one of the puny lives that had been pitted



"I Felt Them Today! They Attacked Us in the Boat and Upset Us!"

against the ancient strength of the sea, which heaved, a vast, moving floor, against the dun of the sky; only the spinning boat, and a spar with a boy's coat on it, and one reversed arm, showing the sea-soaked lining.

The engines stopped. The submarine glided in. The single boat seemed empty. No! There was a woman aboard, and a man pulling wildly upon one oar.

Donald took in the situation instantly. He turned to his aid, Davies, a little, keen-faced middy who was making his first voyage in command of men.

"Tow us, or run for Fair Island!" he cried. Then, flinging off his coat, he leaped.

A few strokes carried him to the whirling boat. And now he realized that he had known all along that the girl in it was Ida, miraculously saved out of the great company of those who had died. His heart beat a paen of joy; at the sight of her his love awakened, and he knew that this was no transient passion, but an enduring one.

But just as he reached the boat he saw the sailor at the oar stagger blindly toward the edge. It seemed as if he were being dragged overboard against his will! He whirled his arms and plunged into the deep with a hoarse cry that rang out far above the waters.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEA OF JELLY.

HE SANK like a stone. No glimpse of him could be had. No rescue was possible.

Donald clung to the edge of the boat and scrambled in. He saw the amazed recognition flame out on Ida's face. He knew then that she loved him, and his impulse to seize her in his arms was almost ungovernable.

But at the same instant, looking past her into the sea, he experienced the same illusion that had beset him within the house in Baltimore, and again outside it—that of a woman's misty form outlined upon the water!

Donald made a cup of his hands.

"Davies, fling out a rope!" he bawled.

But the submarine was some distance away, and in a moment a wall of fog came down, blotting her out.

Ida Kennedy watched Donald with approval. She had always liked him; shaken as she was now, his advent seemed the work of Providence. She had questioned her heart before she sailed, for she had known that her future was of her own choosing, whether [illegible]

It is impossible for a woman to mistake the feeling of even a reserved man toward her. And she had known that Donald loved her before he knew it himself.

Still, she had been totally unprepared for the sudden realization of the depth of her love for him.

Donald continued to call loudly, but the F55 was drifting in the mist and quite invisible. It was in fear of this sudden happening that Donald had told Davies to make for Fair Island if he could not get a rope to the boat.

Fair Island, less than six miles away, was the secret rendezvous where the oil-ship and biplane were to await the F55, the former to replenish her fuel supply, the latter to accompany her back to the mother ship.

Donald shouted again, and a cry came back very faintly. The fog had thickened, and the boat seemed to be isolated in it between earth and Heaven. The sea had grown calm and oleaginous, as if a film of oil coated it.

As sometimes happens, a bank of fog had occasioned one of those soundless or "blind" spaces, known to and feared by seamen. The thickening wall had deflected Davies' voice and made Donald's almost inaudible. The submarine was groping for the boat in the wrong direction.

Donald picked up a pair of oars from the bottom. He realized that he would have to pull toward Fair Island alone as soon as he got an inkling of its direction, with the chance of being picked up by a submarine when the fog cleared. But it was approaching sundown, and the probabilities of their spending the night in the boat seemed strong.

He sat with the oars in the rowlocks. As he allowed one to drift thru the water he discovered, to his surprise, that it was apparently plunged into a mass of some jellylike substance. He dipped his hand into it and scooped some of it up.

The water was apparently curdled, like thickened milk, and on both sides of the boat, which rolled in it heavily and high in the viscous medium.

As he withdrew the oar, Donald had the sensation of pulling it from between the clinging fingers of a child.

He looked down. It occurred to him that he might have got the blade entangled in some marine growth; but the water was clear, almost black, and of the same strange, jellylike consistency everywhere.

Then, to his amazement, he realized that the boat was moving!

This in itself might not have been peculiar. There was a strong sea current between the Shetlands and the Orkneys. But a boat in a sea current drifts sidewise, not bow on. And the keel was cutting thru the water at a slow, regular, even pace, as if in obedience to the pull of some invisible force.

It was not like the pull of a towline, which is a sequence of crescendo and diminuendo, of starts and jerks, as the rope grows tight and slack alternately. It was a constant impulse. It was an intelligent impulse.

It was beginning to grow dark, and to row seemed useless until the fog dispersed. It was impossible to gauge the direction. Besides, to pull against that force would have been arduous, and to pull with it might have led to unexpected difficulties.

Donald backed water in experiment. Instantly he felt the force increase. It was an effortless, persistent push, stronger than his own powers, and Donald realized that he could not resist it.

Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation on the back of his hand. He pulled in the oar. Five small, red spots had sprung out on his wrist, and the flesh seemed to have been cupped. Donald clapped his other hand down on it, and encountered something clammy and cool, which seemed to slip away. It was like the flipper of a little seal, or, again, like the hand of a child or monkey.

At the same instant Ida screamed. Donald saw that she seemed to be struggling with some invisible adversary. The boat was tipping dangerously. Donald flung his weight over, and he heard the thud of a soft body against the bottom.

The thing—whatever it was—was in the boat!

Donald leaped forward and clasped Ida about the waist. She writhed in the clutch of the monster, and there was a look of intense horror upon her face. She seemed to be lifted bodily toward the water. Donald felt the slippery flippers of the invisible being elude his grasp. His hands moved up and down over a smooth, blubbery body.

And then he knew what it was. It was such a creature as he had seen in the glass tank in Masterman's house, but larger and more powerful.

He fancied that he could discern its shadowy outlines. At that instant the setting sun burst thru. Now he was sure; the monster was not wholly invisible.

He saw the rays deflected from the creature's body, dancing in prismatic colors upon the edge of its leathery hide. He saw it dimly, as one sees the full moon in the arms of the new.

And, glaring into his eyes, were the two eyes, seemingly poised in the air, two pupils of the size of currants, and animated by a diabolical intelligence.

The sun dipped down, and in an instant the fog, only partly dispersed, closed it again. And as Donald watched, he saw the pupils slowly dilate in the dim light until they became as large as saucers. The stony glare between the unwinking lids, which fringed them like a shadow, the monstrous expansion of the pupils sent the blood thru Donald's heart in icy jets.

Then, regaining courage, he dashed his fist into the monster's face, and the struggle began. He felt the impact of his knuckles on flesh, and it gave him new heart. At least he was fighting a thing of flesh and blood, and not a demon.

Ida lay swooning across the seat, where the monster had dropped her as it turned to face its new adversary. And in the rocking boat Donald fought for his own life and that of the girl he loved.

Some mighty instinct rose up in him and robbed him of fear, altho, long afterward, the shudder of remembrance gripped him and turned him sick with horror. He fought like a madman, knowing nothing, altho the scene was to come back before him with photographic accuracy, the tipping boat in which he slid and floundered, and Ida unconscious of it all; and the supreme necessity of saving her.

For the first time he understood that Masterman's story was not the dream of a disordered brain, but the experience of one who had striven to warn a skeptical world.

And afterward he understood why the boat had spun so dizzily long after the vortex created by the sinking of the Beotia had subsided. Even then the swarm of monsters must have discovered their prey.

Perhaps it was the plankton in the water, the jellylike infusion on which they fed, that had brought them there; perhaps the presence of drowning men. Perhaps they had brought the plankton with them, equipped for some dreadful journey.

On these points he was to be enlightened shortly.

Donald tried to lock his arms about the slimy thing, but he could get no firm grasp of it. And each touch of the flippers drew the blood to the surface of his skin by suction, bringing out rows of reddening spots that stung. He was fighting a devil fish with the intelligence of a man, armed with invisibility, creating overwhelming horror by its presence alone.

He felt his strength failing him. He was dragged toward the edge of the rocking boat.

He stumbled and fell. He felt himself held fast; he felt his ribs were compressed in a stinging vise.

But as he fell his hand grasped one of the oars. Donald snatched it up and, with a last effort of desperation, freed himself for an instant. He raised the oar and sent the sharp edge of the blade crashing forward.

He heard the sound as of a torn balloon. The squirming flippers uncoiled. The boat tipped to the edge and righted itself. A splash followed. Donald sank down upon the seat.

Then gradually a milky cloud began to diffuse itself upon the face of the waters, till it acquired the shape of a dwarflike body, supine upon the waves, with the short limbs, terminating in the webbed hands, budding at obtuse angles to the trunk.

Donald sprang toward Ida, to shield her from the sight of it. He knew that if she awoke and looked she would go mad. But she lay unconscious across the seat and did not stir.

The boat stopped. There was a confused splashing in the water. The dead sea-beast was rent asunder under Donald's horrified eyes; torn limb from limb by that abominable swarm. A mottled, pinkish ichor spread itself upon the face of the sea.

Donald plunged his oars and began to pull with all his might, driving the heavy boat thru the water. The plankton gave place to clean ocean again. The sun had set, and it was growing dark; with the fall of night a gentle wind came up that began to dissipate the fog.

Thru the drifting mist wraiths appeared a jutting cape that reared itself toward the spangled clouds. Donald pulled for an hour. Then he fell forward over his oars. He was incapable of another stroke, but he believed that he had left the sea devils behind.

He cast his eyes along the horizon. There was no sign of the F55. He turned towards Ida.

As he bent over her her eyes opened. She looked at him intently and sighed. The horrors of that day seemed temporarily to have benumbed her mind and robbed her of memory. And Donald did what he had never dared to do before. He raised her in his arms and kissed her.

"I love you, dear," he said. "If we come out of this—as we shall—I want you always. Will you have me, Ida?"

She raised her lips to his for answer. And the happiness of that moment atoned for all that they had endured. Donald perceived that the boat had begun to move again. The respite had been of brief duration.

Incredibly pertinacious, and cruel beyond belief, the monsters had once more taken up the chase. But in the unhuman forms were minds as shrewd as his, organizing themselves for one supreme purpose, the elemental one of food.

It was clear now that the marine creatures had some definite purpose in pushing the boat. They were taking it to some rendezvous. Perhaps the one that had effected entrance had been gifted with more strength or courage than the rest. They were not omnipotent; they could not pull down the boat or swamp her; they could not immediately accomplish their aim.

Were they afraid? Was the emotion of fear a part of their psychical equipment? If so, then they could be overcome. Fear was the first of the emotions, and it was improbable that they lacked the instinct of self-preservation.

They were swimming beside the boat. Donald could see the agitated churnings of the water. Were they pushing or pulling? Taking the oar in his hand, Donald went to the bow and drove it down into the sea. But he struck only the jellylike medium in which the boat was traveling.

He went to the stern, stepping over the body of the girl, who had relapsed into unconsciousness. This time, as he thrust, there was a scurry among the waves, and he felt the yielding, blubbery form, and the same sensation of a burst balloon. The boat stopped. Donald thrust out furiously, feeling always the contact with slippery flesh.

The monsters were pushing the boat, not pulling it.

And gradually there followed the same stupendous incarnation into visible being, the shadowy shape that grew and crystallized into the milky, opalescent body. He heard the school precipitate themselves upon their prey, and saw it rent and dissembled before his eyes.

Thru the increasing darkness their pupils glared as the monsters strove together.

Donald went back to where Ida lay and placed her in the bottom of the boat, her head against a thwart. They were moving swiftly.

Suddenly the boat began to tilt upward at the bow. Donald heard the scraping of the flippers against the stern. Then, as if a heavy dog had scrambled in, the boat tipped high into the air and righted itself. Another of the monsters had gained entrance.

Donald seized the oar and brought it down upon the beast's head. The oar splintered; he heard the cracking of bone, and a splash followed.

The edge of the boat was dragged beneath the waves. It filled and overturned. Donald found himself struggling to save Ida in the sea of jelly that sucked him down. Somehow he caught her and dragged himself to the keel. He shouted, and the brutes scurried away, leaping and falling with resounding splashes, like sharks at play.

Donald felt Ida's arms seek his neck. She turned to him instinctively, not as her rescuer alone, but as her lover.

To his amazement he heard an answering shout. He strained his eyes thru the darkness. Surely that was a human cry! He shouted again, and the answer came once more; and there was no longer any doubt. He called with all the force of his lungs.

The conning tower of the F55 came drifting out of the night. She ran awash, with hatches off, and Davies was standing on the deck among a group of sailors.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here!" Donald cried. "Reverse engines, Davies! Coming aboard!"

The engines stopped and the submarine grazed the sides of the overturned boat. Donald grasped Ida in his arms and clambered to the deck. And Donald found himself shaking his hand as if he were his brother, instead of merely Sam Clouts, able seaman in the Navy, trying to keep his hands from straying toward his mouth organ.

"We were trying to make Fair Island when we spotted you, sir," said Davies. "I thought we'd pick you up in the morning when the fog cleared. It's been hard work making anywhere. There's something the matter with the sea."

"How, Davies?"

"We're only able to make a knot and a half, sir. It isn't the engines. At least there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with them. It's as if the sea's—well, turned to jelly, or molasses, sir. Perhaps you noticed it. I've never seen anything like it in my experience," continued the little middy, whose experience of the high seas was limited to a couple of short cruises on a training ship, and one on a transport.

"Clap on the hatches and make full speed for Fair Island," ordered Donald.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIEGE OF THE SUBMARINE.

"I'M POSITIVE it's the water, sir," said Davies. "We've tried running submerged, and the electric engines won't drive her any faster than the petrol ones. It's like running a locomotive on greasy rails."

"It's plankton," answered Donald. "Marine organisms, you know."

He was standing beside Davies in the conning tower. Ida had been taken below and placed in Donald's cabin. She had been hardly conscious since her rescue; she was too numbed from exposure to realize what had occurred, and she had fallen asleep immediately.

At Fair Island, which was an uninterrupted, cavernous rock, Donald expected to find the oil-ship, from which his stores were to be replenished. Then he was to patrol the northern area of the North Sea with the aid of the airplane. A stock of supplies in the shape of food was also expected at the island.

But now Donald was wondering whether it was not his duty to return to the mainland to report the destruction of the enemy cruiser. Of course the officers of the Flying corps who would be with the airplane could undertake this duty. But then there was Ida. And there was the swarm of devil men that had appeared.

How could he tell the Navy Department of this without being relieved of his command? But how could he fail to tell them?

At a speed of two miles an hour the F55 pursued her way thru the thick, sluggish waters. It was entirely dark,

(Continued on Page 25.)

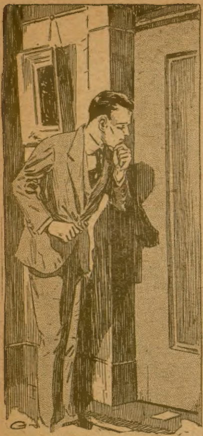
A Mysterious Menace Was on His Trail

LESLIE ARMYTAGE, suddenly deprived of his fortune and become a wanderer upon the streets, is offered a large sum by a beautiful woman to pose as Nigel Lukyn, her fiance, who for some reason is locked up in an asylum. Armytage undertakes to obtain the release of Lukyn and suddenly discovers that mysterious persons have mistaken him for his double and that he is being hunted down and his life is in danger. The story based upon this beginning is a startling one, typical of the stories which made the Chicago Ledger famous. It begins next week under the title, "The Avengers," and you will want to read it.

CAMOUFLAGE

By W. Karl Hilbrich

The price of a man's honor was high, but the blond beauty willingly paid it, only to discover in the end that she had lost that which she sought for her master.



His Quick Glance Caught a Shimmer of White.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

JIMMY BLAIR was a devil with the girls. He loved them all, not wisely, but too well. When he met a new one, his first concern was to find how far he could go, and he always went the limit, with small regard for traffic regulations.

So he was most agreeably surprised when, upon reaching his rather exclusive boarding-house, one evening, he was presented to Miss Florence Miller, "who is to be our guest for a while," as Mrs. DeForest explained.

Outwardly Jimmy bowed and said, "Delighted." Inwardly he whistled and murmured, "Some doll!" The quick admiration prompting this inelegant appraisal was greatly strengthened during the dinner, when he discovered with growing delight that her hair was her own and naturally blond, her complexion real, and her teeth home-grown, without 18-Kt. trimmings.

In spite of his success with the ladies, Jimmy was no fool. It puzzled him somewhat to account for Miss Miller's interest in him, which was evident at once. She was aloofness personified to the others at the table. But he was not of an analytical turn of mind and, with a thankful heart, took what the gods provide.

After dinner he found a nice, cozy corner on the big veranda for Miss Miller and acquaintance progressed rapidly.

"I'm working for the Government," he told her, in reply to one of her many questions. "I'm a draftsman."

"Oh," she interrupted, "do you draw those splendid pictures of buildings and bridges one sees hung up in offices?"

He smiled. "Hardly. I'm in the engineering division and just now I'm drawing plans for coast defenses."

"Oh!" Her exclamation held a tone of awed respect that touched Jimmy with the subtlest flattery. "How wonderful! Then you plan and design new protections for our great country against our enemies?"

"Well, not all of them, just along the Atlantic coast, you know," explained Jimmy with great pride.

"How I should love to see some of those drawings!" Her voice vibrated with feeling. "They must be beautiful."

"I'm afraid that's impossible. It would be an act of treason for any one to show you these plans," he rejoined, rather seriously.

"Oooh—don't be so tragic," she laughed. "Let's talk of something else."

When she said "Good night," some time later, it seemed to Jimmy that he had never spent so wonderful an evening as this. She held out her hand to him and he found it thrillingly soft and feminine.

Their friendship ripened at an amazing pace. A slave to her appealing, timid beauty and charm, Jimmy became her constant cavalier. He discovered that she had come from a small country town to study art, and he made it his business to take her sight-seeing all over the city, his infatuation all the while growing and swelling until his mind was scarcely more than a mirror to reflect her fairy image.

Just a week from the night he had formally bowed to her and murmured, "Delighted," she accompanied him to a dance given by a fraternity of which he was a member. They had become very good friends indeed, and she yielded her supple, voluptuous body to his arms with a shy abandon that sent his heart into his throat. He longed to crush her to death against his throbbing breast. The fierce blood of some buccaneering ancestor pounded in his veins, and yet, according to his queer code of honor, further advances were impossible for him. She so evidently trusted him, that the ultimate goal would be a coward's aim, and success a thing of self-contempt and regret.

Later, in the dimly lighted hall, still under the spell of seductive music, and youth, and romance, she crept into his arms and returned his caresses with a blushing fervor that made Jimmy revise his ideas of heaven. He fairly vibrated with passion and desire, but the pure, sweet light in her heavenly eyes subdued him with the invincibility of innocence. So, after watching her twinkling, satin-clad feet disappear over the top landing, he stepped into his room.

As he switched on the light his quick, casual glance caught a shimmer of white just inside the door, half hidden by a small rug. It proved to be a sealed envelope addressed to him. He tore it open. It contained a single sheet of paper with a few hastily scribbled lines and a photograph. He looked at the latter, hurried nearer to the light and again examined it, minutely. Then he read the note. Evidently it was bad news, for a look of sadness sobered his laughter-loving features. Slowly, with narrowed lids and pursed-up lips, he walked to the switch, darkened the room and, throwing himself into a huge armchair, sat motionless before an open window, chin upon chest, thinking—thinking—thinking. And dawn was silhouetting the distant buildings against the lightening sky before he sought his bed.

The next evening, after an hour's chat on the veranda, Florence excused herself on the plea that she must write some letters. Jimmy accompanied her into the hall and turned to her with a troubled countenance.

"I've had some unpleasant orders," he told her. "The authorities are becoming so afraid of foreign spies that I have been directed to go to a lonely cabin in the woods and finish my drawing."

"Oh, dear! Isn't it horrible. Just when we were having so lovely a time. What will I do when you are gone, Jimmy?" she wailed, with tears in her voice and eyes.

There was no one in sight, so Jimmy took her in his arms and patted her shoulder reassuringly.

"It will only be for a few days, dear," he whispered, "and then I'll be back with you, my wonder-girl."

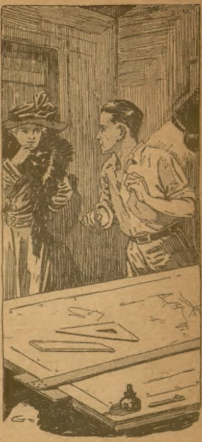
"It's a shame, anyway," she pouted. "I suppose it's a long way off, this 'cabin in the woods?' I won't even know where to think of you."

"Why no—it isn't so very far. You take the train for——" He stopped and looked at her with narrowed, calculating eyes. It was evident that he was fighting a battle within himself. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He had decided.

"You take the B. & O. to Fairview, a lonely little place down the line about sixteen miles, then walk down the road facing the depot about a mile and a half until you come to a group of big pines, then turn at right angles to the road and go past the pines into the woods for about half a mile and there you are. See?" he queried, smilingly.

"Yes," she answered, dolefully. "As clear as mud."

"Why, it's easy," he asserted. "Like this, see?" and taking an old envelope from his pocket, he drew a rough map upon it, showing the directions he had just given. She watched him intently.



"What—Are You—Doing Here?"

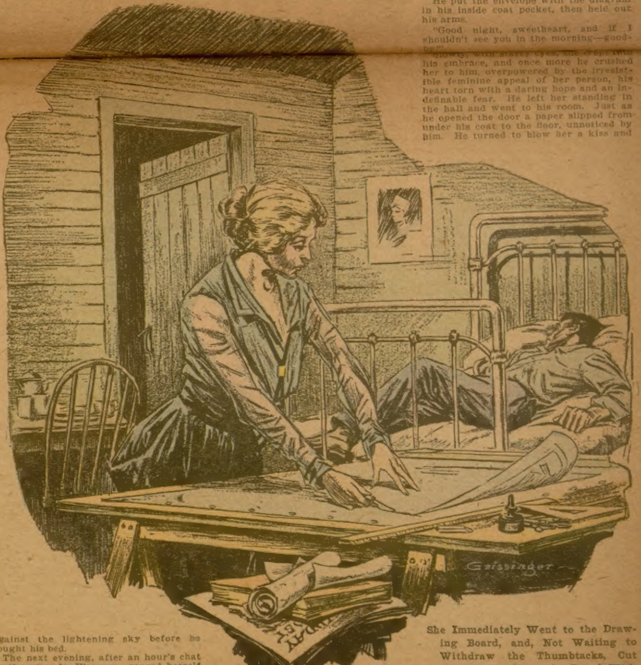
"How clever you are, Jimmy! Why, I can almost see that road," she murmured over his shoulder.

"Oh, you adorable little flatterer!" he rejoined in an undertone vibrant with passion. "You know it isn't fair to talk that way when I have all my packing to do."

He put the envelope with the diagram in his inside coat pocket, then held out his arms.

"Good night, sweetheart, and if I shouldn't see you in the morning—good-bye!"

Slowly, with starry eyes, she crept into his embrace, and once more he crushed her to him, overpowered by the irresistible feminine appeal of her person, his heart torn with a daring hope and an indefinable fear. He left her standing in the hall and went to his room. Just as he opened the door a paper slipped from under his coat to the floor, unnoticed by him. He turned to blow her a kiss and



She Immediately Went to the Drawing Board, and, Not Waiting to Withdraw the Thumbtacks, Cut the Tracing From the Board With His Steel Eraser.

the next instant the door clicked behind him.

Noiselessly, she glided forward on the thick rug and picked up the paper he had lost. It was the map of the road to the cabin. She folded it up and placed it under her wide belt, a happy smile illuminating her still rosy features.

He left the next morning without seeing her and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon was firmly established in the cabin. The place certainly was well chosen for secrecy. The nearest building was the tiny way-station on the railroad, two miles thru a dense forest. The hut was stocked with plenty of provisions, and the dark corner farthest from the door contained a large bed and dresser. Near the window at one side he set up a drawing board, on which he tacked a pencil drawing of New York harbor. Over this he stretched a piece of tracing cloth and prepared to make the final draft.

He had just inked in the ocean side of Staten Island and was eying the stove in a speculative manner, when a noise outside the door startled him. Before he could step from behind his board a puff of fresh air blew into the room, and there, her back against the closed door, her cheeks flushed with excitement and a bewitching bravado, stood Florence.

Jimmy stared, then with a smothered "My God," he stepped in front of his precious drawing. Like a man spent with running, he panted, "What—are you—doing here?"

She smiled, a radiant, shamefaced, tender look. "I missed you so, Jimmy. And I didn't have anything to do. Aren't you glad to see me?"

She came toward him as she spoke, her small hands outstretched and her face filled with that allurement which only heroes and fools can resist. Jimmy, being neither, folded her in his arms and kissed her, greedily, ardently.

"You little darling! . . . Why, sweetheart, I didn't know what was wrong with this day until now. But take off your things and we'll have a bite before you go," he ordered.

She did as requested, while Jimmy covered a green oilcloth over his drawing. In spite of his protests, Florence took complete charge of the little stove and soon enamored James was feasting on Nectar and Ambrosia. The tree tops were gilded by the setting sun when they finished. He looked at his watch.

"You'll have to hurry, dear," he exclaimed. "Your train is due in forty minutes."

She leaned toward him, her elbows on the table, her chin supported by her folded hands. Her shapely shoulders were drawn up in a shrug which was the acme of fascination, while a mischievous smile curved her enticing lips.

"You mean thing! To tell me to hurry home. Can't I stay a little while longer if I'm real good?"

Her tone was that of a teasing child, but the gaze she turned on Jimmy was that of a woman, unfathomable, thrilling, alluring. The words were a mockery, but her expression, her rising color, promised everything, without reserve.

Jimmy held her gaze for a full minute, while his blood pounded with furious desire. Just for an instant did prim Prudence flash a warning thru his consciousness, then, with the instinctive stealth of a predatory animal, he tip-toed around the table and, gathering her unresisting form in his arms, carried her to the far corner of the cabin, where the fast increasing dusk covered them with its mantle of mystery.

About noon of the next day Jimmy stepped back from his board and, examining his work with evident satisfaction, exclaimed: "Thank goodness! that job's done."

Florence, who had been day-dreaming in a mammoth Turkish rocker, hurried to his side.

"Isn't it a complicated looking mess? Now, what do you do with it? Do they work from this plan?"

Her voice was eager and full of a suppressed excitement.

"Yes, dear, this is complete and final. It will be sent to the construction department, which will work in accordance with it. Gee, but I'm hungry. Let's eat."

"You poor, starved honey-boy. I'll get lunch right away."

Going to the stove, she filled the tea kettle with water, then called out, cheerily: "You'll have to get me some more water from the spring."

When he came to get the pail she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, fervently and with a troubled wistfulness that puzzled him and brought a mist to his eyes.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Oh, nothing. Only, no matter what happens, I want you to remember that I love you—I love you."

Deeply touched by this simple avowal, Jimmy drew her to him with fierce tenderness. "Why, what do you mean? What's going to happen?" he murmured.

"Nothing, of course. Can't I have a sudden streak of the blues if I want to?" she replied with a choking laugh, then, pushing him away, "Now, silly, get that water."

No sooner had the door closed behind him, than she ran to her handbag and extracted a small vial, the contents of which she poured into the coffee pot.

Jimmy returned in a few moments and they sat down to their lunch. He chided her on her unusual taciturnity and was properly solicitous when she complained of a sudden headache.

"You ought to drink a lot of strong coffee," he told her, and emphasized his advice by emptying his cup at a draught.

Within a few moments he excused himself on account of an insistent drowsiness and, guided by Florence, soon fell onto the bed in a heavy sleep.

She immediately went to the drawing board and, not waiting to withdraw the thumbtacks, cut the tracing from the board with his steel eraser. She rolled it up in an old newspaper, then gathered her belongings for a hasty departure on the noon train.

Walking over to the bed, she dropped on her knees and, pressing Jimmy's head to her heaving bosom, kissed him tenderly.

"Good-by, dear boy. God bless you. I hate to do this. Good-by, lover—good-by," she breathed.

After a few moments she arose, picked up her bag and the drawing. As her hand closed around the roll a gleam of exultation shone from her eyes and she left the cabin, her face filled with the pride of achievement and her heart with a dull ache. Once more had the Imperial Secret Service triumphed, hiding its sinister designs behind the smile of innocence, and striking at man's most vulnerable weakness—his passions.

Jimmy's watch had just ticked its way past 3 o'clock when he opened his eyes. For a while he lay motionless, studying the ceiling; then, with a questioning frown, he turned on his side and surveyed the room. Gradually, the fact that he was alone impressed itself on his befuddled consciousness. Arising unsteadily, as if intoxicated, he stumbled to his drawing and slumped into the chair before it.

"It's true, by gad, it's true!" he muttered, as he gazed on the evidence of the theft. Reaching into the inside pocket of his coat, he brought forth a letter, the same he had found in his room two nights before. Extracting its contents, he threw the envelope on the floor and spread the note on the board. He read it again, altho it was burned in his memory beyond all forgetting:

"Dear Jim:

"Beware this blond beauty. She's one of the smoothest of Germany's spies. Just got wise to her today.

"HARDING."

Jimmy looked at the picture which had accompanied the note. It was an unusually lifelike photograph of Florence, and, even thru the artificial limitations of this gray monochrome, her bewitching loveliness struck him like a blow. His hand trembled, while in a voice unsteady with conflicting emotions, he whispered:

"I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it, so I came here. And you followed me, and you paid my price—you little devil!"

As memory surged thru him, he kissed the beautiful pictured face, then held it out at arm's length. Gradually his eyes narrowed and his smile took on a keen, cynical edge.

"But you lost, girlie, you lost!" His voice was cold, incisive, almost a hiss. "Your d—d Kaiser will get a peach of a fake drawing, made for the occasion!"

Continuing an Absorbing Story of Adventure That Happened in a Big City

THE MYSTERY OF NO. 1313

Copyright by [illegible]

By Charles Edmonds Walk

This Tells the Story to Date

NUMBER 1313, the silent house of mystery, wherein nobody has ever been seen to enter, suddenly has a visitor. And not only one, but three, who arrive one hour apart. Van Vechten and his friend, Tom Phinney, watch the three men enter and wager that a fourth will join them within an hour. There is a fourth visitor, but it is a veiled woman, who looks vaguely familiar to Van Vechten. Shortly afterwards a young man emerges from the house. It is evident from his actions and appearance that he has been in a hot fight. Van Vechten and his friend follow him towards the elevated structure, and as they turn the corner, the young man falls dead; his mysterious assailant disappears completely. While Van Vechten stands in the crowd that gathers, he encounters a girl's horrified eyes, and is attracted by her beauty. Her escort scowls at him, and when Van Vechten is asked for details by the police, the couple disappear. Van Vechten goes back to his club, and is startled to see the girl looking at him scornfully from one of the windows in No. 1313. A detective visits him. Van Vechten tells him the story of No. 1313, omitting the details about the veiled woman and the girl he saw in the crowd. Several days later Tom Phinney, out on a pleasure trip, is suddenly seized on his way from the village store to his catboat, blindfolded, and led into a house in the woods, where he is securely tied, and shut in. A girl with a wonderfully sweet voice, with which he falls in love, rescues him. She leads him blindfolded out of the house onto the open road, and there, after giving her his promise that he will not remove the bandage from his eyes until after counting a hundred, he finds himself free. In the meantime, Van Vechten becomes more and more puzzled about the disappearance of his cousin, Paige Carew, of whom nothing has been heard for a number of weeks. The mystery about Paige and her chaperone deepens. Her gold purse is found in the House of Mystery. Later, a cablegram from England announces that two women answering the description of Paige and Mrs. Devereaux sailed for America under the names of Mrs. Schuyler and Miss Schuyler. Van Vechten remembers that Schuyler was Mrs. Devereaux's maiden name, that the House of Mystery once belonged to her father, and that Temple Bonner, its present owner, was once an old sweetheart of her sister's. Van Vechten, getting the key from Flint, visits the House of Mystery and finds therein a couple. The man is forcing his attention on the woman. Van Vechten, tho the man's inferior in physical prowess, orders the girl to go, and stops the man from following her. In five minutes he is beaten into insensibility. In the meantime Tom Phinney becomes captain on a private yacht chartered by a mysterious party. When his party comes on board he discovers, to his great surprise, a couple of voices which he recognizes.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger dated Oct. 26. Back copies containing previous chapters of the story may be obtained from this office or from our newsdealers and agents.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KOHINUR'S CHARTERER.

IS IT to be wondered at that for the rest of the night Tom remained in a state of such feverish excitement that he forgot to sleep? He invented more than one pretext that took him to the cabin; but it was only to discover that all lights had been extinguished save one or two shaded night lamps, and consequently the handsome saloon presented a picture of gloom and slumberous tranquility. When the silent-footed, soft-voiced stewardess approached him on one of these occasions, he remembered that it was within his province to inquire after the welfare of his charges. He learned that the three ladies had immediately retired to two of the more spacious deck staterooms, while the men had been conducted elsewhere by Mr. Hewitt, the steward. Also, the party's luggage had already been disposed of.

So he was afforded ample time for reflection. And with reflection certain obvious conclusions began by degrees to force themselves upon his understanding, some of which were distinctly pleasing, while others were quite the opposite—even disquieting.

Here, in the most amazing manner imaginable, he and the Girl once more were thrown together—and, too, under circumstances that not only promised the most delightful sort of intimacy, but were not likely soon to be terminated. An unwonted light shone in his eyes, and his tanned jaws settled into lines of determination that were not without a degree of grimness.

"I'd be an ass," he assured himself, "if I didn't take advantage of every opportunity, the way things have turned out. Be-lieve me, I will, too. And if opportunities don't come fast enough——" he grinned happily—"I'll invent one every now and then. I'm boss here. Anyhow, I will be once we are under way." But abruptly the pleased expression vanished, and an air of gloom settled down in its stead.

"But what's the use!" he morosely growled. "She'll have nothing to do with me. I made seventeen different kinds of fool of myself Monday night when she got me out of that dark room. . . . Unless she realizes that a scrape like that is enough to turn any fellow's head."

And this led him to ruminating on the strangeness of his adventure, and to a consideration of the rest of the party, which he indulged briefly only because he remembered how inexplicably their doings had become identified with Miss Carew's disappearance — for undoubtedly they were the same people who had inhabited Number 1313—and how greatly Ruddy was interested in their movements. This reflection sobered him completely.

Should he not at once notify Mr. Flint? Did the allegiance he had only today assumed outweigh the obligations of lifelong friendship?

Here was a problem that was a little too much for Tom to decide offhand, and he resolved that for the present at least it was his part to play a waiting game, to keep his eyes and ears open, and if he should detect anything irregular—or, to be more exact, anything directly detrimental to his friend's interests—then would be the time for him to act. He was master of a splendid steam-yacht now, not a Powhatan loafer.

Accordingly, therefore, even while admitting his unfitness for this sort of thing, as he trod the deck he planted his heels upon the planking with a degree of confidence that he never felt ashore. He had arrived at the decision before turning in, that, considering everything, he should be filled with a sense of gratitude for the fortuitous chance that had moved him to call on Brownlow.

Captain Phinney was again astir long before sunrise. He took [illegible] himself to see that the decks had such a scrubbing down, the brass work and glass such a polishing, as, in all probability, they had never before received. He had himself well in hand now, and every man-jack aboard recognized in the calm, forceful individual who directed so concisely what was to be done, a skipper who thoroly understood his business and whose orders were to be obeyed with prompt thoroness.

So, at four bells of the morning watch—or six o'clock by land time—when he and the Girl came unexpectedly face to face, outwardly Tom was perfectly composed, tho his heart straightway commenced a mad pounding, and he was filled with a conviction that a sudden unaccountable difficulty in his breathing was going to make him speak as if a tremolo stop had been pulled out in his vocal apparatus. Every minute detail of his wildest imaginings respecting her beauty was so much more than confirmed that for a moment he could only stand and stare.

This vision, it must be understood, burst upon Tom all at once; he had no time to linger over details, for in a flash her expressive countenance mirrored a multitude of emotions, and he was looking not only into the finest eyes that had ever met his, but into a pair of extremely startled eyes as well. Next the girl's lips parted and she recoiled with a gasp of sheer astonishment.

And now must be recorded of Tom one of the nicest things it has been privileged thus far to say of him; it was really a pity that Van Vechten could not have been present to applaud. He looked uncommonly handsome and natty in his fresh white-duck uniform; and his cap, with the anchors and the words "Kohinur" and "Captain" thereon all in heavy gold braid, was very becoming to him. All at once he became acutely aware of the boldness and ardor of his gaze, and lowering his eyes, he whipped off the cap and bowed low to the astonished young lady.

"I told you," said he exultantly, "that I would know you anywhere."

And that one little speech, when she came to ponder over it, would be found to contain more of genuine compliment than he might ever hope to impress upon her in a lifetime of assurances.

She was still too dumfounded, however, to note his words. Her regard darted from his face to his cap and uniform and back to his face again. Then, mechanically, she half-turned away as if she would flee.

But Tom checked this impulse. He was now standing erect, his arms folded across his broad chest, one hand still holding the cap. He smiled and said easily:

"Seems as tho I'm always to scare you. Please don't run away. Anyhow, stay long enough to tell me what's so fierce about my looks. Won't you?"

For a moment longer their eyes held one another's, hers still alive with bewildering amazement; but quickly these expressions died away, and she recovered her poise as quickly as it had been routed. Her cheeks flushed prettily, and she laughed.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Of all persons! Captain—Captain Phinney! If it isn't the strangest thing—but, no," she broke off, "it is not so very remarkable after all. You——"

She stopped with an abruptness that passed unnoticed by Tom. Unable longer to repress some expression of his joy, however veiled it might be, he said:

"It is remarkable, tho. It's the rippingest thing I ever heard of—that I should have found you again, you know—that I should be standing here talking to you, like this.

"But," he went on quickly, seeing that this aspect of the matter was not altogether accptable, "I—believe me—I have not been trying to find you. Not that I didn't want to—I mean, I had no idea you were to be here. My presence is perfectly legitimate. Here's the way of it. Old Brownlow—you know him? Rum old sport—Brownlow wanted a skipper for this yacht; I applied for the job"—he grew more and more nervous as he proceeded under the level regard—"he hired me; and here I am. Do you get me?"

For a long moment she studied his face; then her lashes lowered a trifle, her cheeks dimpled, and she replied with a delightful low-voiced demureness:

"I get you."

Tom indulged in a tremendous sigh of relief. For the first time hope mounted high in his bosom that, after all, their relations were going to start upon a friendly footing.

But before he had time to ask a question that rose to his lips, an interruption came. Turning at the sound of a footstep, he was in a measure prepared to confront the supposititious old servant of Number 1313. The man's face, shot and crisscrossed with a network of fine wrinkles, was beardless and as lifeless as a death-mask. But not so the piercing black eyes; here at once the younger man recognized an extraordinary personality, one that affected him powerfully, even to forgetting his resentment at the intrusion.

If, however, he was no longer surprised by this individual's presence on the yacht, in a moment he was given fresh reason to suspect his own sojourn on the Kohinur was to be made up of a series of shocks the cumulative force of which would ere long drive him daft.

The man handed him an envelope with an uttered word or two of explanation: "From Mr. Brownlow. I am the charterer."

And then Tom all at once remembered where he had previously heard this familiar voice. Last Monday night, when he stood blindfolded in the mysterious Long Island house, he had met the man Callis' insolent catechism with a profane retort, and the bearer of Brownlow's note had cautioned him that there were ladies present.

And the Powhatan Club had believed him to be a deaf mute! Regarding the magnetic personality revealed thru those penetrating eyes, it was not difficult to picture the silent contempt that had withered the presumptuous member who had taken it upon himself to pry into this man's affairs.

The contents of the sheet, which Tom had open in a jiffy, were brief and were taken in by him at a glance. His immediate stupefaction at their purport he voiced in tones of awe.

"Well—I'll be——" but quickly checked himself and looked up to find the piercing eyes steadily regarding him.

"And so," he concluded, "you are Max Willard!"

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INTERLUDE.

As TOM thus voiced his astonishment at the disclosure of the old man's identity, there was a sudden swish of skirts, and the girl disappeared down the companionway. She left with a marked haste that might have been significant to the skipper, had he been in any state of mind to be impressed by such suggestive occurrences. In a moment a series of feminine exclamations, indicative of surprise, came dully to his hearing; but his attention was still held by the penetrating regard.

"Your manner, Captain Phinney," remarked Willard in a quiet voice, "implies that you are familiar with my name?"

The statement concluded with a note of interrogation; but Tom stood tongue-tied. What should he say? He could not tell this man that at the present moment a detective was exceedingly anxious to find him—at least, not without entering into Van Vechten's concern in the search. He felt keenly his inability to preserve a proper reticence once he began talking, and inwardly swore at the peculiar mentality that made him obtuse to the relative values of circumstances, which was the cause of his weakness. Why was he not keen to catch on to things, like Ruddy was, or Flint? So he moodily shook his head.

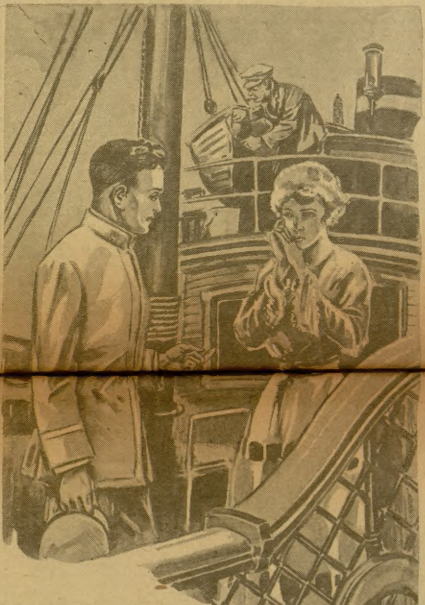
And after a pause——

"Have you any place we may retire to for a quiet talk?" Willard inquired in the same tone.

"The chart-house," vouchsafed Tom, uneasily moving in that direction.

Once seated, there followed a long silence in the course of which Tom grew more and more restive beneath the keen look of the magnetic eyes. Never had he been more uncomfortable in his life. By and by Willard spoke, deliberately, but none the less earnestly.

"Look here, Captain, frankly, are you spying on me?"



"I Told You," He Said Exultantly, "That I Would Know You Anywhere."

"Moses and green spectacles, no!" blurted Tom. His astonishment at the question was so unmistakably genuine that the other continued for a time to watch him in silence. It would have been plain to an outsider that the older man was deeply perplexed and troubled, and was trying to hit upon a means of coming to some sort of understanding. Presently he drew a sigh and leaned back in his chair.

"I can believe that," he said wearily. "You are not the sort of which spies and eavesdroppers are made. You are too transparent. And yet——" He fell silent again, and for a space pondered; then abruptly leaning forward, he once more fixed Tom with his keen look.

"You thought—last night," he began, "that I didn't recognize you. But I did; I possess certain unusual powers, an ability to see distinctly in the faintest light being one of them. You are the young man who followed Callis at Rocky Cove Monday night. Now why did you do that? I have a right to know."

In the face of the older man's direct manner, Tom's nervousness left him. The powerful personality was not without its influence; but Tom was not the sort of chap that any man could over-awe, and his discomfiture was chiefly owing to his ticklish position, and his ready recognition of the fact that it was not the sort of situation that he was equipped to cope with.

However, he was strongly attracted toward Willard; there was something, in spite of his oddity, distinctly likable about the man.

Then all of a sudden one of his rare inspired moments came to his assistance, and he impulsively took what was probably the very best course to escape an unpleasant inquisition.

"Look here, Mr. Willard," he began, meeting the other's regard with a level look and addressing him with a plain bluntness, "your name is not at all familiar to me. I'll tell you just why I followed that chap Monday night, and why I was surprised when you handed me Brownlow's note. You'll see then that there are some things I'm entitled to know as well as yourself. So we'll understand one another right here and now."

Willard nodded, but said nothing.

"Do you know the Powhatan Club?"

Another silent nod; but the eyes betrayed a light of dawning comprehension.

"I'm a member," pursued Tom, "and the mysterious way in which you people acted in that old house across from us made us all curious. Why shouldn't it? We talked about it and wondered, time and time again—who the tenants were; what they were up to, and all that sort of thing. Candidly, it didn't look right.

"Now, I've seen you come and go at that house; I knew that you belonged there. I saw the chap who was killed last Sunday come out of the same house. In rcognized you in the motor-boat Monday evening, and when I afterwards saw the fellow you call Callis, why, of course I followed him. Anybody woud."

All the time Tom had been speaking Willard sat watching him with disconcerting intentness. He now said:

"Then your love of justice overbalances your sense of caution?"

"I like to see a square deal, if that's what you mean."

Willard now rose to his feet.

"Thank you for your frankness, Captain Phinney," said he with an air of relief. "That explains matters. I am sorry I can not be so frank with you in return. But I can't just at present; too much is at stake." With a tired gesture he brushed back a lock of white hair that had fallen upon his forehead.

"My undertaking has been too often jeopardized, the forces opposed to me are too powerful and too alert, for me to chance any unnecessary risk at this critical juncture. Will you take my word for it that it is entirely honorable and proper?" Not waiting for Tom's reply, he affirmed with much earnestness:

"The truth is, Captain Phinney, if right and justice do not for once miscarry, a great wrong soon will be corrected. If you betray me, if you disclose anything you may discover on board this yacht, you will be the instrument of such a miscarriage. I must remind you that you deliberately accepted the unusual conditions of your employment, and that as a man of honor you can not do otherwise than remain loyal to your employer.

"In all candor, you are not the man I would have engaged for this position; I am too fearful; but now that you are here there would be nothing gained by making a change. Understand, I am not questioning your ability; I speak only from an excess of caution."

Tom himself was now standing.

"Dashed if I don't believe you!" responded he in his impulsive fashion. "But—say—Mr. Willard—hang it all! That poor chap who was killed; that sort of thing, you know, sticks in a fellow's crop."

The jet eyes were as steady as jewels upon the mask of a graven idol.

"Again I shall have to ask you to take me on faith for the time being," responded Willard, unmoved. "I'll give you my word—should you ask me one week from tonight, I shall tell you exactly how that regrettable affair happened. You will hold me blameless."

"Did you do it?"

"I did not."

"That's enough as far as you and I are concerned. Now then, on my part, I haven't the least desire to meddle in your affairs. I know my place and my duties, and I have enough to keep me pretty busy without bothering about anything else. But if I can't help seeing that things are not strictly straight—wrong, you know—it will be a part of my duties to interfere. Satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so. It's good that we had this talk. Good morning."

Tom had only begun stoking his pipe when the Kohinur's charterer reappeared in the doorway. Said he:

"By the way, I forgot to say that I do not want anybody to come aboard without my express permission—nor to go ashore. I have to go down into the city myself; will you give the necessary orders for the launch to take me to the landing?"

"I understand, sir. I'll have the launch manned at once."

"It's uncertain when I shall return—[illegible] afternoon or evening, probably."

"The watch will keep a look-out for you, sir," explained Tom; "when they see you the launch will come to take you off."

Whereupon Max Willard took his lifeless face away for good, and Tom, after telling Phil Mercer to get the launch ready, returned to the chart-house, where he sat smoking and ruminating.

The Girl hovered on the outskirts of his meditations, threatening every instant to intrdude and send his thoughts to the four winds. As it was, perhaps she tinctured them; for presently he smote the padded locker-seat more than once with a heavy fist.

"Let Ruddy and old Flint find out what they can," he confided to the distant Claremont which was visible thru the east windows. "I believe the old chap's on the level, hanged if I don't! There's no reason why I should butt in, and several reasons why I should not. I must go learn her name—who she is." And he straightway suited the action to the word.

Just the same, he was dimly sensible that a conflicting interest existed somewhere—somehow—between Van Vechten and Max Willard, and his doubts were not yet entirely at rest.

He found the girl reclining in a deck-chair under the after awning, engaged in an animated conversation with First Mate Mercer, who seemed to be describing the various sorts of river craft to her. Which was no part of a first officer's duties, Tom let it be plainly seen from his bearing as he approached them. Phil Mercer grinned maliciously as he touched his cap; nevertheless he found an excuse to get away.

It was a sparkling morning, delightfully cool and inviting upon the river; and very likely, thought Tom, she was longing, as was he, to up anchor and away for wherever it was Willard intended going. Tom hoped that the cruise would be a leisurely around-the-world one.

She looked up brightly at his approach and favored him with a smile that was not altogether free from shyness. It was a look, half caught as it was by the long dark lashes, that once more set Tom's heart to pounding in an unwonted manner. He couldn't see as far into the lovely hazel eyes as he wanted to. Drawing an empty chair up beside hers——

"May I?" he asked.

"You may, if you will promise to be good. And you may keep right on smoking; I wouldn't think of depriving a captain of his pipe on the deck of his own ship."

"Ship! Ha-ha!" All of Tom's troubles and perplexities had been whisked away, and he was fairly bubbling over with animal spirits and the sheer joy of being alive—by her side. "That's a good one! The men forward would laugh to hear you call this sort of craft a ship. I guess many ships don't come up Rocky Cove way, eh?"

Her gaze was downcast, but Tom could see the dimples—or, anyhow, the dimple nearest him—and the faint flush that stole to her cheeks. Why should so commonplace a remark affect her to this extent? Tom wondered.

"I don't know," she replied. "I confess that I never saw any ships at Rocky Cove."

Tom surprised her with a sudden enthusiastic outburst:

"Do you know, you are the rippingest girl I ever met. You——"

She looked up in alarm. "But we haven't met!" she interrupted.

"Just the same, you are," he persisted, unabashed. "But that's not what I started to say. It's not fair that you should know my name and I not know yours. If you're a stickler for formality and all that sort of thing, why, I'll have Mr. Willard introduce me properly when he comes back. Launch's just taken him over to the landing—may be gone all day—and it's awfully inconvenient not to know your name."

She regarded him with a smiling sidewise look.

"What have you been calling me?" she asked.

"Why, nothing."

"Oh, but you have—a horrid name, too."

"What was it?"—bluntly.

" 'Say!' "

Tom stared blankly at the lovely smiling visage, then slowly his face colored until it became a deep red. He looked far away over the water.

"I'm no ladies' man," he remarked simply by and by. "I've always known it, and I've always fought shy of them. But somehow—you——"

The girl was watching him, furtively but curiously.

"Well?" she softly encouraged.

Abruptly Tom squared round; and she became suddenly interested in the stitching of a glove that showed signs of unraveling.

"I see," he continued, both voice and manner subdued, "you don't want to tell me. Very well. I have a name for you, one I've already given you in my mind. When I was a kid in school there was a name that a whole bunch of poets used when they meant a girl who was prettier and a better sort than most—ideal, you know—and it has always stuck with me. It's yours. I don't care to know any other until you are ready to tell me."

She looked up quickly. [illegible] enough now.

"Am I to hear what it is?"

"Delia," he answered steadily.

She smiled. "How nice! I mean that it was nice for you to think of me in that way. Delia! You disclaim being a carpet knight; but do you know, you have a mighty pretty way of paying compliments. Those other girls have missed a good deal, Captain Phinney."

"I started to say a while back," he went on thoughtfully, "that somehow you are different from any girl I ever met."

"Another compliment?" she interposed, with sparkling eyes.

"I told you once before," returned Tom, vigorously rubbing his thatch of curls, "that when you interrupt me I get rattled; it's hard enough for me to express myself the best of times. Let me get this out of my system—unless you don't want to listen to it. If you don't, flag me; I'll stop."

"I'll not interrupt again," said she, trying to hide her amusement.

"Never for a moment could I feel with you like—like—well, like I do with the other girls I know. Always felt like I was being unmerciful ragged and kidded—understand? That isn't very plain, for I can stand a kidding as well as anybody; but——"

"I think I understand," she told him.

"Gee! you make it easy for a fellow." He breathed deeply and went on.

"You thought it queer my being here—in this rig—skipper of this yacht, and all that; what would you think if I told you you were the cause of it?"

Manifestly Captain Phinney was proving to be a source of infinite variety to this young lady. She looked at him in wonder.

"I?" she marveled.

He nodded. And then for the first time in his life he unlocked the secret places of his heart to a woman other than his mother, and talked. He told her, in his awkward way, how, from the very moment he had heard her voice, and later had known her presence in the dark room, he had begun to feel dissatisfied with himself; how the mood had grown upon him during the remainder of that night; how, on his way back to New York, he had resolved to forswear his idle, purposeless life and make something of himself, and to this end had sought out Brownlow the very next day.

More than once it was on the very tip of the girl's tongue to stop him; to chill him with the cool inquiry: "Why should you imagine that all this in the least interests me?" But something stronger than this inclination held her silent. The undisguished simplicity of his manner, his naive candor, his transparent genuineness all gripped her and stirred her sensibilities in a way that held her mute and intent until he had done.

And she remained mute for a good while afterwards, gazing off at the Jersey shore, seeing nothing. Tom could discern no rebuke in her silence or her demeanor; but some instinctive monitor told him that he had said enough, and he sat silent, too.

At last the girl turned to him with a little half-smile. The fine hazel eyes bore a light that glorified them. She rose hurriedly.

"I must go," she said softly.

Tom did not seek to detain her. He also got up and leaned against the rail, admiring the grace with which she walked away.

"I'll see you at luncheon?" he called after her.

Halting, her head turned sidewise, she regarded him tantalizingly.

"See whom?"—archly.

"Why, you, of course."

"Oh, how stupid!" She affected much impatience. "Say it—my name!"

"I shall see you at luncheon, Miss Delia."

"Did the poets call her Miss Delia?"

Tom was fast growing uncomfortable, for this was "kidding" of the most obvious sort.

"Delia," he said.

"There—that's better," with a judicial air. Then she smiled sweetly, and showed him that she could be cruel after all.

"But you are mistaken," she announced in the most agreeable manner imaginable; "you shan't see me at luncheon. I am going down-town." And she tripped away, leaving the skipper of the Kohinur plunged in gloom.

CHAPTER XX.

LIFTING AN EMBARGO.

FOR a long time after Delia left him, Tom remained leaning against the rail, absorbed in thought.

These reflections prompted action, and action made him forget his own dejection. He walked forward, and in a moment his regard fell upon the ungainly form of John Callis sprawled against the rail, motionless, his eyes staring sullenly cityward.

There was something in the fellow's attitude that made Tom eye him narrowly. He too seemed dejected; in his bearing there was nothing bellicose now; he suggested to Tom the idea of a prisoner gazing upon freedom that is not for him. Three other men, identified as members of Willard's party, were mingling with the crew in a friendly fashion and enjoying themselves; but John Callis seemed apart, isolated, utterly oblivious—perhaps scornful—of his surroundings.

Wondering not a little at this circumstance, Tom would have passed him by without a word; but just as he got behind the man, Callis stood upright with a sudden movement and struck the rail a resounding blow with his clinched fist, at the same time spluttering an oath. He favored Tom with a baleful glare.

"How far," he demanded rudely, "is it to that landing?"

Tom coolly looked him over. He had no reason to be favorably disposed toward the fellow, and he frowned at his present manner; but he had a measure of dignity to maintain and could not afford to quarrel with him now. So he replied curtly:

"Not over a hundred fathoms." Then all at once he understood. "If you're thinking of swimming it, don't try," he added. "Orders are that nobody's to leave the boat without Mr. Willard's consent."

"I know it cursed well," he snarled. "But I'd show you what his or anybody else's orders amount to if I could swim."

Whereup he slouched back to his former attitude, completely ignoring Tom's presence.

The three other men—all husky young chaps—were civil enough and respectful of his authority. He spoke to them only briefly and in a general way.

So far Delia had not reappeared, nor sent a request to be taken ashore. With a little qualm of trepidation, it occurred to him that she might not be armed with a permit; in which event it would be extremely unpleasant for him should she insist on carrying out her intention.

He sought out his first officer, who, save for his one failing, was not only a first-class navigator, but decidedly a companionable fellow.

There was very little to be done now save observe the regular routine of changing watches and keeping everything on board in shipshape order, so time hung heavily upon the skipper's hands when the Girl was not visible. While he talked with Mercer he gave the latter only a divided attention, for he was alert and watchful to note the first sign that she was once more stirring on deck.

But presently he said: "By the way, Phil, looks like the order that no one's to go ashore or come aboard is more than—er——"

"Perfunctory?" the first mate supplied.

"Yes. But I didn't mean just that, either. It looks as tho we'd have to be strict in enforcing it. We'll have to keep our eyes open—bear it in mind."

Mercer favored him with a questioning stare. Tom explained:

"There's at least one chap aboard who wants to get on dry land powerfully bad."

"Big, husky, sandy-haired fellow, isn't he? Thought so. Sulky brute."

"You've noticed him then. His name's Callis. He can't swim, so you only have to keep tab on the boats as far as he's concerned. Picked on a likely man yet for second officer?"

"Winnard will do."

"O. K. Break him in."

They talked on in a desultory way until the steward announced luncheon.

And still Miss Delia had not appeared. Tom wondered whether she had changed her mind about going into town, or had been taken suddenly ill; or whether, after all, he would be obliged to sit down to a solitary meal, or perhaps with the other ladies, whose presence would make the occasion anything but a pleasant one for him. He reflected that these two were absolutely unknown quantities to him, and he wondered whether they were young or old, plain and uninteresting, or pretty and bewitching, like Delia. "They'll sure have to be stunners," he concluded, "even to be in her class."

But once seated at table his fears respecting the other two were removed, and immediately he was given an illustration of the general fickleness of feminine nature. Smilingly, half-timidly, Delia came forward, and Tom sprang to his feet, brushed aside Hewitt, who was holding a chair for her, and performed the office himself.

"I was waiting for you," she told him brightly.

Instantly Tom soared from the depths of his gloom up to another absurdly vain pinnacle of joy.

"Were you?" he cried ecstatically. "Now I call that bully! But I thought you were going downtown?"

"It is the privilege—nay, the duty—of every woman to change her mind now and then," she demurely replied, "if only to justify the aphorism."

"Whatever the reason," he assured her with unmistakable sincerity, "I'm glad you didn't go. Where are the other ladies?"

"They are indisposed. We are to lunch alone." She used a French phrase.

"The only way I can understand French," said he, "is when it is on paper, and not then without a lexicon. You're not French!"

She laughed at his bluntness.

"No, but I've lived most of my life in Paris."

"Paris—h'm-m. Cousin of a chum of mine has spent a good deal of time there. Quite a violinist. Been expecting her home this long while; but she's been side-tracked somewhere—forgot to send any word—newspapers been printing a lot of rot, and all that sort of thing. Thank Heaven I haven't a scatter-brained cousin like that!"

Tom was blind to the intentness with which the girl hung upon his words. She seemed a bit put out when he broke off abruptly and devoted his attention to the soup.

"And isn't this chum," she spoke quietly, her lips wreathing a smile that somehow looked different to Tom—"isn't he dreadfully worried?"

"Worried!" he exploded. "Lord, yes! Precious little she cares tho. She'll turn up one of these days and laugh at him for his pains—one of the pleasant catty ways most girls have. . . . You're not eating; if anything's wrong say the word and I'll get after Hewitt."

"The soup and fish are excellent," she answered hastily. "I simply haven't any appetite. . . . What does he think has become of her?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "What can he think? He imagines all sorts of dire things, and is nearly crazy with anxiety. The police will find her tho."

"Police!" she exclaimed in a shocked

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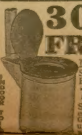

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[illegible] it really as bad as that?"

"Shows," said Tom sagely, "just how much one thoughtless girl can turn things topsy-turvy. . . . But, hang it all; I'm sorry you're not enjoying your luncheon. Feeling ill?"

The girl had pushed back her plate and she now sat silently contemplating her hands clasped upon the table edge.

"I—I believe I am not feeling very well," she replied faintly, meeting his anxious look with eyes so somber that Tom was alarmed. "A touch of headache—don't let me spoil your appetite—it will be gone in a minute." And she mustered up the ghost of a smile.

"There!—it is gone!" she lightly declared, and, to Tom's immense relief, commenced chattering gayly, and did not again allude to the "scatter-brained" cousin. But neither did she do more than trifle with the succession of dishes which Hewitt's deft hands placed before her.

When the meal was finished, her mood underwent another abrupt change; she grew serious again.

"I have postponed my trip downtown," she told Tom, "until this evening. And now, if you will excuse me, I believe I will go and lie down for a while."

The long afternoon dragged by in a monotonous fashion, and Tom was both disappointed and troubled when Molly, the mulatto stewardess, informed him that none of the ladies would appear for dinner.

"The other young lady seems terribly worried," Molly enlarged; "she has something on her mind that's driving her distracted. Miss—your friend is trying to quiet her."

The news augmented his curiosity.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Molly with an air of importance. "She just suffers and don't say anything. She's a high-strung young lady, the kind that feels more than most do. She's taking it pretty hard, whatever her trouble may be."

As he dined in solitary grandeur, Tom puzzled over the circumstance not a little, and, as was usual with him, the inference was slow in coming, that whatever had upset the mysterious young lady, it must have occurred on the yacht.

But he had scarcely got his pipe to going before one of the watch sought him out where he had retired upon the bridge, bearing the information that a young lady wanted to see him immediately at the gangway.

"Lord [illegible]

[illegible] descended to the main [illegible] brave a show of nonchalance [illegible] could rally.

The night was clear and starlit, and consequently the darkness was not so dense as it had been the previous night; therefore, when he arrived at the gangway he was able to make out that the group standing there were in the midst of a strained situation.

The first officer, Mr. Mercer, and two sailors showed plainly that their state of mind was exceedingly bleak and cheerless, while the girl stood a little apart, impatiently tapping the deck with one foot.

As soon as he approached she addressed him eagerly.

"Oh, Captain Phinney! It seems that I am trying to transcend your authority. I'm sorry. But I'm so anxious to be taken over to the Claremont landing that I never thought there might be any especial formalities to be observed."

"Why, I suppose it's all right," he returned uneasily. "You have a per—a permit from Mr. Willard, of course."

She drew swiftly back with a little movement.

"Permit!" she exclaimed uncomprehendingly. Tom's fears were realized; she had none, and he groaned inwardly. "I don't understand."

He all at once felt as unhappy as Mercer looked. Wheeling upon that gentleman, he snapped in an undertone: "Beat it!" and the first officer and the two sailors vanished with astonishing agility.

"You see," once more addressing the girl, "it's this way: last thing Mr. Willard told me before he went downtown himself was that nobody was to come aboard or go ashore without his express consent. Mr. Brownlow instructed me to the same effect. Now, if you haven't something to show that it's all right you see what a fix you are placing me in, don't you?"

The girl straightened, and Tom could feel the angry glance that swept him. He looked helplessly off toward the landing, conspicuous under its blaze of electric bulbs, with a faint hope that Max Willard would appear and end the situation; but there was no sign of him.

"Captain Phinney"—her tones were now biting—"am I to understand that you will not allow me to go to go ashore simply because I haven't a scrap of paper from a person who has no control whatever over my movements? It's too absurd! You are downright insulting to demand such a thing when you have my word that it is perfectly proper for me to go."

Tom squirmed miserably.

"Delia," he pleaded in desperation, "listen to me a moment. On shipboard orders are orders and they are meant for just one thing—to be obeyed. The practice is so ingrained in every seafaring man that he never even thinks of shirking or compromising. Can't you at least wait a little bit until Mr. Willard comes? I don't doubt but that it will be [illegible]

[illegible] I don't propose to [illegible]

She stamped a foot.

"Don't you call me that name!" she stormed—"don't you dare! I detest it! Besides, it's rude and impertinent and ungentlemanly in you to take such a [illegible]." She moved quickly into the [illegible]. "If you won't, I will. Thank goodness, I can run a motor-boat!"

Mechanically he reached forth a hand and caught her arm. And with the contact it was as if a miracle had happened for him; his discomposure left him, and all timidity and irresolution vanished.

"Dear girl," he said unsteadily—"Delia—don't do this thing; don't force me into such a trying position. If I were [illegible] body in whom you are in the least bit interested, the last thing you would expect of me would be to disobey orders."

He held both her hands in his. Suddenly she began pulling and [illegible] in a furious but vain effort to loosen his grasp.

"You—you wretched, miserable, irritating creature!" she cried tearfully. "I have to go. Can't you get it into your stupid head?"

"Delia—Delia—don't!" he beseeched her, quite beside himself once more. "Dear girl, listen to reason."

Gradually he was drawing her to him. Then both were stricken motionless and silent.

Right at this juncture there came an interruption sufficiently startling to jolt both of them from even so absorbing a situation as the present one.

From somewhere forward, without the slightest warning, there broke forth a [illegible] of scuffling and of a man cursing. The intent behind the tumult was so sinister and so wickedly purposeful, that, in terror the girl instinctively shrank close to Tom. He passed a protecting arm about her, and both stared intently forward, trying to penetrate the gloom.

The scuffling and swearing ceased as abruptly as it had begun. Next [illegible] they heard a resounding splash, the thrilling cry of 'Man overboard!' which was immediately followed by a second loud splash.

The two [illegible] forward to find most of the crew gathered at the port rail over which they were leaning and peering excitedly into the river. Tom was not so disturbed that he failed to notice how his companion clung to his arm. He gave the hand a little squeeze and drew her closer.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded. "Where's Mr. Mercer?"

Winnard, the second mate, pointed down toward the water.

"There, sir," he replied. "A fellow wanted to jump overboard [illegible] fool'—and Mr. Mercer [illegible]. Before anybody could help him, the man knocked him down and went over the rail. Mr. Mercer went right after him."

Already life-buoys had been tossed to the struggling pair in the water, and a boat was being rapidly lowered. [illegible] glanced over the faces in the dim starlight.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

A moment's silence, then some one spoke up:

"The big fellow called Callis, sir."

"Lively, men!" Tom shouted. "He can't swim!"

CHAPTER XXI.

DELIA GOES ASHORE.

THE boat was quickly guided by Mercer's shouts to the point where the men had drifted down stream. With one arm hooked over a life-buoy, he was sustaining with the other hand the limp form of John Callis, who appeared to be unconscious. A minute or two later both bedraggled figures were upon deck.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" demanded Tom. "He hasn't had time to drown."

Mercer cast a scowling look at the limp form outstretched upon the deck.

"I don't know," he replied. "[illegible] struck his head upon something floating in the water—a plank likely. He's bleeding like a stuck pig. I hope to h—l he broke his neck!"

After the expression of this kindly sentiment in behalf of the injured man, Mr. Mercer hastened away after a dry change, and Callis was carried to his berth, where an ugly scalp wound was neatly dressed by Hewitt [illegible].

Delia had already retired to her own room, and Tom stood watching the steward.

"I don't like the looks of it, Captain," said the latter. "He ought to have a doctor. His skull may be cracked."

"If Mr. Willard doesn't show up pretty soon," announced Tom, "I'll take the liberty of fetching one."

But at that very instant a shout from above told him that the charterer had been sighted upon the landing, and a few seconds later he heard the launch chugging shoreward.

As he re-entered the cabin a door opened and Delia came toward him, still wearing her hat. She knew nothing of the seriousness of Callis' injuries, and Tom considered it unnecessary to tell her.

"Since the [illegible] without tragedy," she said, her [illegible] and utterance extremely formal, "there is no reason why I shouldn't proceed with my errand—unless I am a prisoner."

"Please don't talk that way," he protested, hurt to the quick by her tone. "You are not a prisoner. And you can't be so unreasonable as to blame me for doing my duty. Even now the launch is fetching Mr. Willard off; he'll be on board in a minute."

She colored. In spite of her outraged feelings, she could not deny that this big, blundering, stupid, simple-hearted man—the adjectives are all her own—affected her in a way that filled her soul with an extraordinary commingling of gladness and terror. She was stirred by the strangest discord of emotions—a joy that was incomprehensible, and a powerful something within her that instinctively rose up and strove mightily to drive it forth. He had [illegible] charmed circle surrounding her, wherein no man had ever [illegible] and she was profoundly awed by a conviction that there was no power on earth to disturb or banish his influence. [illegible] upon the man who [illegible] this miracle; then [illegible] of perversity seized her, and she wanted more than anything else to punish him, wound him—make him smart and writhe.

Tom stood watching her with a look of [illegible].

"[illegible]," said presently, "you are not thinking of going downtown at this time of night? It [illegible] o'clock."

She turned upon him pettishly.

"Captain Phinney, do your responsibilities as master of the Kohinur extend beyond the length of her anchor hawser? I am not entirely helpless; if necessary I can appeal to Mr. Willard."

He winced. At this moment Willard entered the cabin. His mien was anxious and troubled.

"What's this about Callis?" he demanded. Manifestly he had received some sort of account of the occurrence on the way to the yacht.

Tom briefly told him and, to avoid further agitating the girl, suggested that he see Mr. Hewitt at once.

"Before you do," he added, "I would like to know whether the order about

(Continued on Page 23.)

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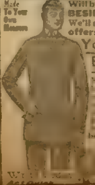

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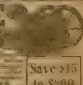

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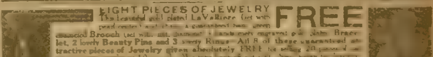

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Fourth Installment of

The Bride of Golden Mountain

By Victor Rousseau

A Review of the Story

LED by an Eskimo dog which finds him in Madison Square, Paul Hewlett, who has lately left the employ of Tom Carson on coming into some money, sees a lovely, frightened girl leave a notorious gambling den. He rescues her from two men, then takes her to his own apartment since he can find no other shelter for her. Impelled by intangible fear, he goes back to find her crouching dazedly against the wall, a bloody knife in her hand, and a dead man on the floor. He learns her name is Jacqueline, that she is married, and that she lives north of Quebec. He gets rid of the dead man, and the next day, after a brush with Simon Leroux, a crook, whose plans include the capture of Jacqueline, they start for Quebec. They then prepare for a trip to Golden River, where Jacqueline's father, Charles Duchaine, has a chateau. Paul, who tells the story, is attacked and [illegible] out. He comes to to find [illegible] Jacqueline has been spirited away [illegible] rescues her, and [illegible] on to St Boniface. There [illegible] dog team to take [illegible] to the chateau, and the journey [illegible]. On the way the [illegible] Paul forgets his [illegible] one morning, on [illegible] Jacqueline remembers the murder [illegible] Paul runs after her, [illegible] he is snow blind. Leroux, who is following, mocks Paul [illegible] him in the snow while he carries off the girl. Guided by an Eskimo dog, Pere Antoine finds Paul and rescues him. He then informs Paul that he has married Jacqueline to her cousin. Paul finds the chateau

This story began in the Ledger Number 44, dated November 2. Copies containing previous chapters can be obtained either thru the office of publication or from our newsdealers or agents

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CHAPTER XIV.

SOME PLAIN SPEAKING

I TOOK three steps toward her and stood still. For this was Jacqueline; but it was not my Jacqueline It might have been Jacqueline's grandmother when she was a girl—this haughty belle with her high waist and side curls, and her flounced skirt and aspect of cold recognition.

She did not stir as I approached her, but stood still, framed in the doorway, looking at me as tho I were an unwelcome stranger. My outstretched arms fell to my sides. I halted three paces in front of her. There was no answering welcome on her face, only a cold little smile that showed she knew me.

"Jacqueline!" I cried. "It is I, Paul' You know me, Jacqueline?"

Jacqueline inclined her head. "Oh, yes, I know you, monsieur," she answered "Why have you come here?"

"To see you, Jacqueline! To save you, Jacqueline!"

She made me a mocking courtesy "I am infinitely obliged to you, monsieur, for your good will," she said; "but I do not need your aid. I am with friends now, M. ——M. Paul!"

Breathing heavily, I withdrew a little way and leaned my hand against the table for support. Behind me I heard the click, click of the roulette-ball as it pursued its course around the wheel The old dotard had already forgotten me, and was playing with his right hand against his left again.

"Do you not want to see me, Jacqueline?" I asked, watching her thru a whirling fog.

"No, monsieur," she answered chillingly. "No, monsieur!"

"Do you wish me to go?"

She said nothing, and I walked unsteadily toward the door. She followed me slowly. I went out of the room and pulled the door to behind me. I knew that after it had closed I should never see Jacqueline again.

She opened it and stood confronting me and then burst into a flood of impassioned speech.

"Why have you followed me here to persecute me?" she cried. "Are you un- [illegible] ink the friends who rescued me [illegible] you have forgotten that you exist? You took advantage of my helplessness. I do not want to see you. I hate you'"

"You told me that you loved me, and I believed you, Jacqueline," I answered miserably, watching the color flame into her lovely face. And I could see she remembered that

"When I was ill you used me for your own base schemes," she went on with cutting emphasis. "And you—you followed me here Do you think that I am unprotected, and that you are dealing only with an old man and a helpless woman? Why, I have friends who would come in and kill you if I but raised my voice'"

"Raise your voice mademoiselle. I am ready for your friends," I answered.

She looked [illegible] steadily at me, and [illegible]

"What [illegible] come for' she asked. 'Have you not had money enough? Do you want more

I seized her by the wrists. Thus I held her at arm's length and my fingers tightened until I saw the flesh grew white beneath them. The [illegible] of my rage beat [illegible] down and made it a puny thing

"Jacqueline' You take me for an adventurer?" I cried [illegible] that what they told you? Why do you think I brought you so near your home when you were, as you said, helpless? Only a few nights [illegible] you loved me; that you [illegible] me away until I wished to go. What is it that happened to change you so, Jacqueline'

I had her in my arms. She struggled fiercely, and I let her go

"How dare you, monsieur!" she panted. "Go at once, or I shall call for aid'"

So I went into the passage; and as I left the room I could still hear the hellish click of the ivory ball in the roulette-wheel. I was utterly confounded

But before I reached the end of the little hall, Jacqueline came running back to me.

"Monsieur!" she gasped. "M. Paul' For the sake of—of what I once thought you, I do not want you to be seen. You are in dreadful danger. Come back!"

"Never mind the danger, madame," I answered, and I saw her flinch at the word and look at me in dazed bewilderment. "Never mind my danger."

"It is for your own sake monsieur," she said more gently

"No, Mme d'Epernay," I answered, and she winced again, as tho I had struck her across the face.

"For my sake," she pleaded, catching at my arm, and at that moment I heard a door slam underneath and heavy footsteps begin slowly to ascend the stairs

"No, madame," I answered, trying to release my arm from her clasp. Her face was full of fear, and I knew it was fear of the man below, not me

"Then for the sake of—of our love, Paul!" she gasped

I suffered her to lead me back into the room. In truth, I was in no hurry to go. As she drew me back and closed the door behind us I heard the footsteps pause and turn along the corridor

I knew the heavy gait as well as tho I already saw Leroux's hard face before my eyes.

Jacqueline pushed me inside the room behind her father's chair and closed, but did not hasp, the door. The room was completely dark, and I did not [illegible] whether it connected with other room or was a mere closet, but the freshness of the air in it inclined me to the former view

Over my head the torrent roared and I had to stand very [illegible] to the door to hear what passed

I heard Leroux tramp in [illegible] mingling with the click-click of the ball in the roulette wheel

"Who is here?" he demanded

"I am," answered Jacq[illegible]

"I thought I heard Lacroix," said Leroux [illegible]

[illegible] M. [illegible]

Le[illegible] the room, [illegible] the legs [illegible] floor [illegible]

"Where [illegible]

[illegible] do not [illegible] there [illegible] beside the wheel [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "Who have [illegible] the [illegible]

"M. Leroux, why will you [illegible] that I [illegible] for nothing [illegible]

[illegible] do you [illegible] New York [illegible] you to [illegible] Merrim[illegible]

Thru the chink [illegible] the old [illegible] look up [illegible] the [illegible] fists, and the temptation to [illegible] end of Leroux [illegible]

But to Jacque[illegible] no meaning [illegible] Leroux [illegible]

[illegible] not play [illegible]," he asked. "Who is that man Hewlett, and why did he accompany you so far toward the [illegible]? Before God, I know your husband [illegible] been plotting with Tom Carson against me, but why he should [illegible] self in my power I [illegible]

"Ah, you have spoken [illegible] many times [illegible] exists.

"[illegible] where you met Hewlett [illegible] for the last time that I do not remember [illegible] remember I shall tell [illegible] father had turned M. Louis d'Epernay out of his home, whither he had come to beg money to pay his gambling debts, you brought him back. You made my father take him in. He wanted to marry me. But I [illegible] him. But you insisted I should [illegible] him, because he had gained you the entrance to the seigniory and helped you to acquire your power over my father Oh, yes, monsieur, let us be frank with each other, as you have expressed the desire to be

"Go on," growled Leroux, biting his lip. "Perhaps I shall learn something."

"Nothing that you do not already know, monsieur," she flashed out with [illegible] "My father came here, long ago, a [illegible] fugitive, in danger of death You knew this, and you played upon his fears. You brought your friends, and encouraged him to gamble and waste his [illegible] when his mind had [illegible]

[illegible] gambling [illegible] in him [illegible] him think he [illegible] his [illegible] in his [illegible]

"[illegible] his last penny, and [illegible] him ten thousand dollars [illegible] in Quebec, telling him of the [illegible] and promising [illegible] girl went on [illegible] for this he was to assign his [illegible] thinking of course that [illegible] fortune at the tables. And Louis was to marry me, and in turn [illegible] the seigniory to you And so I married Louis under threat of death to my father

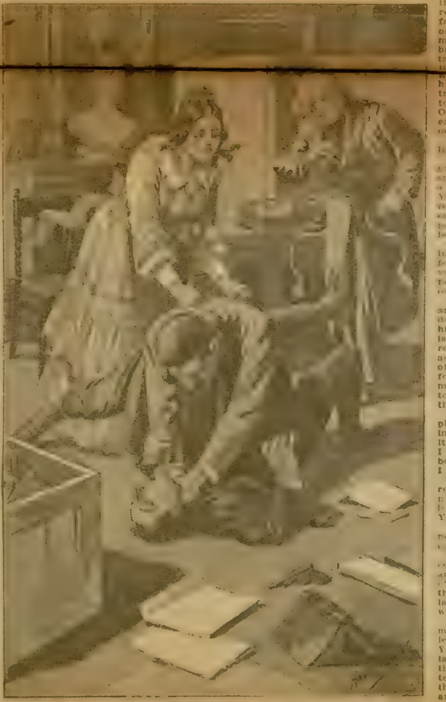
"Oh, yes, monsieur, the plan was simple and well devised. And I knew nothing of it But Louis d'Epernay blurted it all out to me upon our wedding night I think the shame of knowing that I had been sold to him unhinged my mind, for I ran out [illegible]

"Now [illegible], monsieur, for I remember [illegible] more until I found myself traveling back with M Hewlett [illegible] I [illegible] in New York [illegible] I do not remember it

[illegible] Louis d'Epernay, I know [illegible]

[illegible] as she proceeded [illegible] denunciation and now stood facing [illegible] with an aspect [illegible] challenge [illegible] her face. And then I had the measure of Leroux. He laughed and he [illegible] down her scorn with scorn

"You have underestimated your [illegible], madame," he sneered "Since you have learned so much, I will tell you more. You have cost me twenty thousand dollars, and not ten; for besides the ten thousand paid to your father, Louis got ten thousand also, upon the signing of the marriage contract. So swallow that, and be proud of being priced so high! And the seigniory is already his, and I am waiting for him to return and sell



Jacqueline Was Beating With Her Little Fists Upon Leroux's Broad Back.

me the ground rights for twenty-five thousand more, and if I know Louis d'Epernay, he will not wait very long to get his fingers round it."

Jacqueline stood watching him with supreme indifference.

The man's coarse gibes had flown past her without wounding her [illegible] they would [illegible] a lower nature.

"No doubt he will [illegible]," she answered quietly. "If he [illegible] thousand for me, surely he will take twenty-five thousand for the seigniory. You have us in your power."

"Then why the devil doesn't he [illegible]" retorted Leroux. "If he is [illegible] God I know enough [illegible] him up in jail the rest of his life. [illegible] so, madame," he ended quietly, "it would perhaps be worth your while to [illegible] why Tom Carson sent this Hewlett back to the chateau; for no doubt the wolves have picked him pretty clean by now."

"Listen to me, [illegible]" said Jacqueline, standing up before him, as indomitable in spirit as he. "All your plots and schemes mean nothing to me. [illegible] There are more than [illegible]-legged [illegible] M. Leroux [illegible] ones, and [illegible] when food is scarce they prey upon [illegible]."

"[illegible] I like your spirit," exclaimed Simon, staring at her with frank admiration.

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Never [illegible]," said. "I'm going to be richer than any of you. [illegible] that ten thousand? [illegible] daughter, and she has gone to New York to make our fortunes at Mr. Daly's gaming-house. [illegible] exclaimed [illegible]

Leroux [illegible] from one to the other.

"Diable! So that [illegible] your visit to New York," he asked the girl. "So—you have not quite forgotten [illegible] York with you! Your shame was not too great for you to remember that your father had ten thousand dollars!"

"It was not mine," she flashed back at Leroux. "My father would have [illegible] to you. I took it to New York because I thought that I could make enough to give him a home during the rest of [illegible] touched a penny of it, monsieur?"

"[illegible] But we will soon find out. Where is that money, madame?"

Jacqueline's lips quivered. I saw her glance involuntarily toward the door behind which I was standing.

And suddenly the last phase of the problem became clear to me. Jacqueline thought I had robbed her.

I stepped from behind the door and faced Leroux. "I have that money," I [illegible]

I saw his face turn white. He staggered back, and then, with [illegible] his heavy fists [illegible] I think he could have beaten out my brains with them.

But he stopped short when he saw my automatic pistol pointing at his chest. And he saw in my face that I was ready to shoot to kill.

"You [illegible] you spy, you treacherous hound, I'll murder you!" he roared.

[illegible]

"No, no, I [illegible]" [illegible] hand on Leroux's shoulder. "He has [illegible] as good a roulette system as I have."

CHAPTER XV

WON—AND LOST

We must have stood confronting each other for fully a minute. Then Leroux dropped his hands and smiled sourly at me.

"You seem—tem[illegible] advantage of [illegible]

[illegible]

"You may leave us, Mme d'Epernay."

[illegible]

"I thank you for your consideration, M. Leroux," replied Jacqueline, and walked quietly out of the room. It [illegible] curred to me that Leroux could [illegible] be more frank [illegible] sat down and waited [illegible] ing round th[illegible] faintly, thru [illegible]

Leroux sat down [illegible]

[illegible] glanced contemptuously [illegible] —"has no bearing on [illegible] me the information I want, keep your money, and go."

I waited.

[illegible] not in Carson's pay? I shall believe your answer because, if you are, I shall [illegible]

[illegible] not there."

[illegible] ring that money?"

[illegible] it possible for us to reach an understanding?"

"I don't know why you are lying to [illegible]

(Continued on Page 17.)

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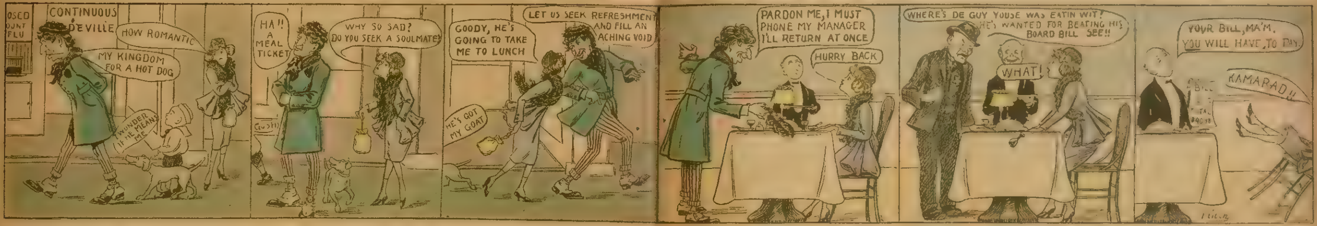
LOVESICK LULU - - SHE FINDS HER IDOL HAS FEET OF CLAY


OSED
OUNT
FLU
CONTINUOUS
DEVILLE
HOW ROMANTIC
MY KINGDOM FOR A HOT DOG
I WONDER IF HE MEANS ME
HA!! A MEAL TICKET
WHY SO SAD? DO YOU SEEK A SOULMATE?
GUSH!
GOODY, HE'S GOING TO TAKE ME TO LUNCH
LET US SEEK REFRESHMENT AND FILL AN ACHING VOID
HE'S GOT MY GOAT
PARDON ME, I MUST PHONE MY MANAGER I'LL RETURN AT ONCE
HURRY BACK
WHERE'S DE GUY YOUSE WAS EATIN WIT! HE'S WANTED FOR BEATING HIS BOARD BILL SEE!!
WHAT!
YOUR BILL, MA'M, YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY
BILL
TOTAL $40.98
KAMARAD!!
Hilton

Absent on Duty.

Two kilties of a British battalion were traveling toward their depot in France. They talked of the weather and the war a little, and then Jock, seeming to notice for the first time that his brother Scot had only one eye, said: [illegible] ye lither e'e, mon?"

Sandy hated any one to notice his [illegible], and, glancing at his companion's bald head, retorted:

"Hoot, mon! It's awa' lookin' for yer hair, mon."

Failures.

Alfred A. Knoff, the Russian expert, said in an address in Sherry's:

"The Allies can look to the east again [illegible] visits the Kaiser in [illegible]ght and says, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Can you direct me, please, to the Gladstone Glades, or some equally famous cabaret?" [illegible]

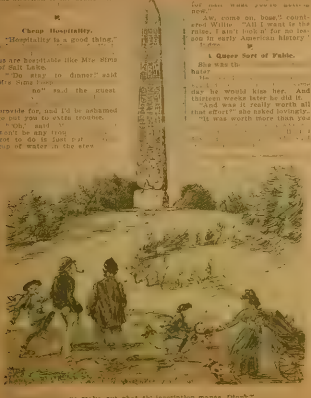
[illegible] Yorker, I am as much a stranger in this locality as yourself. Ask that man with a valise and a hang-the-expense expression, who just came from the direction of the Grand Cen[illegible]

Cheap Hospitality.

"Hospitality is a good thing," [illegible] us are hospitable like Mrs. Sims of Salt Lake.

"'Do stay to dinner!' said Mrs. Sims [illegible] no," said the guest [illegible] provide for, and I'd be ashamed to put you to extra trouble.

"'Oh,' said [illegible] won't be any trou[illegible] got to do is just put [illegible] cup of water in the stew."

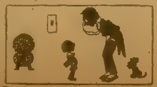


[illegible] ye make out phat th' inscription manes, Dinny?" [illegible] m not quoite sure, but Oi think a free thranslation would [illegible],000 collars an' 1,000 pairs av cuffs.'"

Pa's Answer.

"Pa, what are cosmetics?"

"Cosmetics, my son, are peach preserves."



Uncle John—"So you've been going to Sunday school? Well, tell me the first thing Adam planted in the garden of Eden."

The Past Forgiven

[illegible] five a week, and is convinced that he is within the category of "employees essential to the success of the enterprise." [illegible] stipend to seven-fifty.

"Why, Willie," the potentate somewhat pompously replied, unblushingly using the old stuff once more, "when I was your age I worked for [illegible] now."

"Aw, come on, boss," countered Willie. "All I want is the raise. I ain't look[in]' for no lesson in early American history." [illegible]

A Queer Sort of Fable.

She was th[illegible] hater [illegible] day he would kiss her. And thirteen weeks later he did it.

"And was it really worth all that effort?" she asked lovingly.

"It was worth more than you [illegible]

A Profitable Meal.

The members of the club were telling yarns, when the quiet man in the corner was asked to contribute.

"Well," said he, "I once entered a restaurant where they weigh you before eating and then after eating, and then charge you by weight. I had a good feed and was charged ten shillings. The next time I went I took in my pockets bricks, weights, old iron and such like. I was weighed, and then went upstairs and had a banquet three times as big as the last. I went down and was weighed again, but they couldn't make it out."

"Couldn't make what out?" asked the club members.

"Why," answered the quiet man, "they owed me four-and-tuppence."

Ghastly People.

[illegible] start a world war they'd be the greatest people on earth and the ghastly Germans took the mad Kaiser at his word.

"The Germans remind me of the pale haggard [illegible]

"'Why, how bad you look! I thought you were going South for your health?'

"'I'd intended to go South,' the haggard woman answered, 'but my doctor has offered me such a lovely bargain in operations—a major operation for $1,000—and, of course, I can't resist that.'"

Great Sight.

A Minneapolis laundress, a negro woman, [illegible] was among the thousands who witnessed [illegible]

"Lawdy, missus, it suttinly was a gran' spectacle. Nevah in mah whole life did I see so much washin' at one time."

A Pocket Searcher.

[illegible]

Breathe It Gently.

[illegible] tells of a man [illegible] and eats them) [illegible] lives on onions [illegible]

Wanted a Change

[illegible] gloomy?"

"They tell me I'm too old to enlist," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I kind of thought I'd like to have somebody bossing me around besides mother and the girls."

Suspicion.

"That bride had an awful fight with her husband yesterday."

"Zasso?"

"Yeh, she found another woman's hair in his soup."

AMIABLE AMPLITUDE.

[illegible]
For Mrs. Spratt is lean.—Judge.

Almost Enough.

Grocer—"Did that watermelon I sold you do for your whole family?"

Customer—"Very nearly. The doctor is calling yet."

Independent.

"Are you married?" asked the landlord to the prospective porter.

"No," replied this dusky person, "Ah earns mah own livin'."

Aggravating.

"Her husband infuriates her."

"Gets mad when she starts an argument?"

"Naw. He just yawns."

Quality Counts.

"There's too much fat on that beefsteak," said the customer.

"A sign of its quality," replied the salesman. "You never complained of the foam on a glass of beer."

His Status.

"Then she wouldn't tell you how you stood in her affections?"

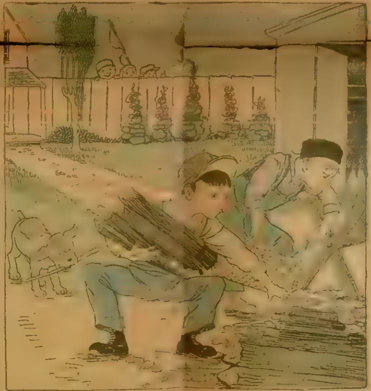
"Nope. Best she would offer was to give me a deferred classification."

Security.

"Did you lend that fr[illegible] of ours the book he asked for?"

"Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG



Slightly in Doubt.

"But, my dear madam," said the admiral, "it is hard to discuss these matters with one so unfamiliar with the terminology of the subject. You remind me of the young wife who was speaking to her brother about her volunteer [illegible]

"'Isn't Jack just wonderful,' she said. 'He's already been promoted to field marshal.'

"'From private to field marshal in two months? Impossible!' said the brother.

"'Did I say field marshal?' murmured the young wife. 'Well, perhaps it's court marshal. I know it's one or the other.'"

Pet Name.

"What do you think of Scribner's new story, 'The Boundary Line'?"

"It is well [illegible] for [illegible] the line."

Not Supplied

"Do you use a wheel hoe on your crops?"

"No. None of my neighbors has one."

The Cabby's Test

The cabby [illegible] magistrate for using [illegible] a lady.

"But she ain't no lidy," he protested fiercely.

"Indeed!" quoth his worthy. "And do you know a lady when you see one?"

"Of course I do!" indignantly answered the man. "Why [illegible] I saw one, she gave me a parn note for a shillin' fare and walked away. 'I, mum,' I calls, 'what abart yer change?' 'Don't be a blinkin' old fool!' ses she. 'Keep it, and git drunk enough to kiss yer mother-in-law.'

"Now, yer worship," he ended, triumphantly, "that's what I calls a real lady."

Brain Teasers.

Four Word Square.

139—1. The visage.
2. An [illegible]
[illegible]

Anagrams

140 [illegible]

My first is in hand but not in neck.
My second is in pint but not in peck.
[illegible]
My whole is a conjunction.

[illegible]
My third is in pink but not in red.
My fourth is in tin but not in lead.
My fifth is in kill but not in dead.
[illegible]

The three words constitute what we must all do if we wish to accomplish [illegible]

Numerical Enigma

141—In this great 6, 7, 8 [illegible] a 1, 2, 3, who used to 3, 4, 5, [illegible] will speed thru 6, 6, 8 [illegible] 8 of a bird.

Beheadings

142 [illegible]

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

135. Beheadings.

[illegible]

136. Word Square.

[illegible]

137. Ten Hidden Shakespeare Characters.

[illegible]

138. Numerical Enigma.

[illegible]

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

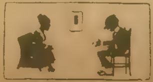
A Different Thing.

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he pleases?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's you' will-power?"

"My will-power's all right," he answered. "You jes' want ter come out hyar an' measure dis mewel's won' power."

That Made Him Worse.

"I'm sick and tired running after you with this bill!" [illegible]



[illegible] you counted the cost?"

"Cost? Why, there will be no cost. My clergyman will marry us for nothing."

[illegible]

[illegible] a fine soldier."

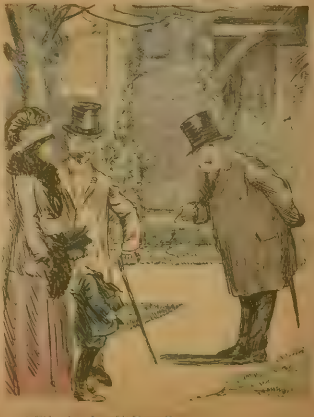
Second German—"Can he lick his [illegible]

Man for Fair

[illegible]

Pacifist Navy.

[illegible] haired lady in sands [illegible] "I hate war. I [illegible]



"Yes, sir, an' goin' home, too."

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS

Faith and hope may die but charity is immortal.

Why abuse the world? It is the best world known.

A man isn't necessarily thin because you can see thru him.

Fools who keep their mouths shut may pass for wise men.

After a man runs into debt he either walks out or stays in.

A woman never cares for the looks of a thing, if it is stylish.

If one doesn't stop over, no other's marble heart can chill him.

If one doesn't hunt up people to talk to, one will seldom annoy others.

If a man could only rise as fast as his temper that would be some rising.

It may be easier to coax a woman than it is to drive her, and it's safer.

Curses, they say, come home to roost, but usually they vanish into thin air.

Always aim a little higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin.

When a woman begins to draw a man out she has a plan on tap for pulling him in.

There is no accounting for the uncanny sprightliness of the last fly of summer.

Seldom has one burned his bridges behind him that he hasn't had moments of regret.

An artist's wife never admires his work so much as when he is drawing a check for her.

Ask yourself the question: "Do I expect of my friends more than I am willing to give?"

If a woman loves a horse she is apt to love her husband—or anything else she can drive.

It is sometimes as embarrassing to refuse to say anything as it is to have to tell the truth.

Going away for a rest cure is perhaps no better than staying at home five nights in the week.

Women were made a little in advance of mirrors and have managed to keep in front of them ever since.

When the sexes have equal rights will men wear war gardens on their hats and kiss each other on th[illegible]?

There are times when a man expresses the same idea by wagging his head that a dog does by wagging his tail.

Shakespeare was handicapped because there was [illegible] automobile in his day to blow up and kill the [illegible]ns in his plays.

No one gives up the hope of "having fun" in the evening to such a degree that he is willing to go to bed at 8 and get up at 4.

Sometimes it is the man who is still as an oyster [illegible] the party that has the most to say about it to [illegible] wife after they get home.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

"I AM a failure," says a reader who asks that the Editor write for him something that will help him, as was done for the reader who several weeks ago said that he had been helped by the Ledger to vanquish fears that had held him down for many years. The self-styled failure says that he has always done his work well, that he never has been fired from his job, that he seems to be liked by his employer and his fellow employes, and that he doesn't see why other men are promoted over his head and he is never taken from the [illegible] into which he was placed so long ago. There are many reasons for failure. Lack of originality, self depreciation, too much mo[illegible], lack of confidence in himself—these and many other things are responsible. The man, or woman, who is a success stands out above those in the surrounding crowd. He knows he is successful, he thinks success, he talks succ[illegible]

THE corner on which the W. D. Boyce building stands in Chicago is at the intersection of two heavily traveled streets. Dust is in the air all day long. It sifts into the offices and the janitor force is kept constantly busy sweeping, mopping, dusting, to make the building healthy and clean. There is one janitor who for several months took care of the floor on which are located the [illegible] and art offices. He was on the job quite a while, [illegible] before he was du[illegible] he worked [illegible] great deal of effort, [illegible] if you looked in the corners of the room he had swept you would find dirt that he had overlooked, the windows he polished shone like diamonds in the center, but in the corners and along the edges they were grimy; he dusted desks in the [illegible] then left a window open so that by morning the desks were dusty again; he polished brass door knobs on the side that you could see and forget all about the under side. So he lost his job and he was astounded when he was told why. His fault was that he was superficial. He wanted it thought he worked hard, and he did, but he was not thoro.

ONE of the editor's assistants lost her job in spite of the fact that she was a good workman, because she couldn't use her head. No matter how [illegible] the editor might be she came in to ask where she could get a typewriter ribbon, a piece of paper, [illegible] those things by herself without asking any one. [illegible] she once was told to do a thing a certain way she always did it that way, no matter whether conditions arose which made it necessary to change the method of doing that particular thing. She couldn't do a thing unless she was told. Once given her orders, however, she did splendid work, almost brilliant, in fact. But she was unable to think for herself and she is gone now.

A CERTAIN big business man of Chicago was talking the other day about how he went about hiring men for trustworthy jobs. "I look at his person," he said. "I don't care if he is well dressed in fashionable garments or not. His clothes may be ten years old, but if they are neatly mended and pressed, if his linen is clean, his hair cut, his face shaved and his shoes shined, specially at the heels, I feel that he will be a success. A man who takes care of himself personally usually will take care of things that are entrusted to him by others. A man I hire must have watched out for his health, too, and he must show in his actions and words that he has pep and self-confidence and that he is not afraid to look me in the eye and say plainly and distinctly what he wants."

BACK in his college days the editor knew a young student for the ministry who was a brilliant scholar, a charming fellow personally and for whom teachers and students alike predicted a bright future. Today he is the pastor of two small country churches between which he divides his time for a salary that is pitifully inadequate to support a family. His trouble was lack of decision. Ask him a question and he never gave you a plain "No" or "Yes." Always he qualified it with something else. Ask him if he would come to a party or a lecture or some other place and he never accepted or refused definitely. If he went to buy a shirt he would dally around with half a dozen, trying to decide which one he liked best. He seldom had a fixed opinion on anything. He would agree with you on something and after talking to the next fellow a few minutes he would switch clear around and agree with him. He wavered like the flame of a candle in everything he did instead of [illegible] steadily like an electric lamp. Any person [illegible] sway him with a few arguments, true or based on untruth. He, too, is a failure.

SO IT goes on thru life. Many of us are failures because of one specific fault. We fear to take a chance, to act on our own initiative, we do not keep our eyes open for chances to do something more than our own little particular job, we talk too much, we are impatient, we hurry thru work and quit at the tick of the clock. And then, unable to see our own faults, we wonder why we are failures.

The Editor.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

We Second the Motion.

Sign in Detroit: "Today special—To Hell With the Kaiser. Also Charlie C[illegible]"

The War Done It.

"FOR RENT—Housekeeping rooms, 1108 Illinois, Urbana."—Daily Illini.

A H[illegible] of a Sight.

A Real Glimpse Into a Boche's [illegible]—Headline [illegible] Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

The Inspired Linotyper.

"The said defendant was on divers occasions [illegible] true to his marital cows."—Des Moines (Iowa) [illegible]

Mr. Gabby [illegible] York Telephone Exchange, [illegible] dentist, ph[illegible] N. Y.

A Tough Steak.

LOST—Set false teeth in restaurant; [illegible] return to Tribune, $5 reward.—Terre Haute (Ind.) Tribune.

A Hard-headed Citizen.

Mr. Marvin Chapman fell from [illegible] Wednesday. He [illegible] struck the wh[illegible] two spokes.—Mo[illegible] (Ark.) Advan[illegible]

Tied Up.

"FOOTE-LUCE—Miss Agnes Wilson Foote, daughter of the Rev. Theodore Clinton Foote, D. D., Roland Park, Baltimore, to Mr. Sanford Luce, Savin Hill, Boston.

Help!

Sign in a general store, northwestern Nebraska:

God helps him who helps himself
God help him found helping
himself here.

Head in Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Peculiar, Mo., Stockman [illegible]

What prohibition has brought night life to at Hoxie, Ark.:

Pat Whalen
Pocket Billiards Temperance
Drinks and Confectionary

The Second Post.

(Received by a mail order house.)

"Dear Merchandise: I only ordered one and you sent me two abdomens. Instruct me what to do with the extra one."

Jess Has Lit.

We understand Jess [illegible] has new bought the place he took his flight from last fall and will move to it soon.—County Line Correspondent of Russellville (Ark.) Courier Democrat.

Ye Cheerful Ed.

Owing to the large number of deaths and the further fact that there is so much sickness we have been unable to secure many of the obituaries. If the relatives will kindly bring them to the Plaindealer office we will cheerfully publish them.—Chatsworth (Ill.) Plaindealer.

You See It Was This Way.

Nich Diede had a bad luck last Saturday while he went to hitch a pulverizer on and hitched two horses on and wanted to tie the others on them while he had tied one on and wanted to tie the other on that side turned over the hind side and came under the pulverizer and cut his hind legs till in the bones so the animal had to be killed as soon as possible while the others cut themselves barely.—Moorehead (Minn.) Independent.

The Reform Crusade.

Men who have self-respect and respect for their [illegible] do not care to go with girls of [illegible] kind. If the boys would make [illegible] would not go with any girl who [illegible], making no exception whatever, we would see quite a few Greenville girls without it. Even officers are seen with girls whose faces are rouged. One cannot expect the privates to be of a true type of manhood when their superiors do worse than they. Our boys must be morally fit in order to win this war. Girls who go with our soldiers for an immoral reason should be shot just like a German spy, because they are worse. Even tho I abhor snakes, I had rather meet a rattlesnake than some girls. Perhaps it makes you look pretty physically, but it does not improve your moral standard. You are not the true type of an ideal girl, only a deformed personality of girlhood.—Lillie Stroupe in the Greenville (S. C.) News.

The Bride of Golden Mountain

(Continued From Page 13.)

tage. You must have known that she was in New York; Louis must have told Carson, and he must have told you the secret of the entrance, unless——"

"Listen to me!" I cried furiously. "I will not be badgered with any more questions. I have told you the truth. I met Mme. d'Epernay by accident, and I escorted her toward the chateau, and followed her after you kidnaped her, to protect her from you."

He grunted and glanced at me with an inscrutable expression upon his hard features.

"You are in love with her?" he asked.

"Put it that way if you choose," I answered.

He scowled at me ferociously, and then he began studying my face. I returned stare for stare. Finally he banged his big fist down upon the table.

"Well, it doesn't matter," he said, "because, whatever your purpose, you cannot do any harm. And you understand that she is a married woman. So you will, no doubt, agree to take your money and depart?"

"I shall go if she tells me to go," I answered; but even while I spoke my heart sank, for I had little hope.

"That is easily settled," answered Leroux. "I will bring her back and you shall hear the decision from her own lips."

He left the room, and I sat there alone beside the dotard, listening to the click of the ball and the chink of the coins, and the roar of the twin cataracts above. In truth, I had no further excuse for staying, I knew what Jacqueline's reply must be.

But there had been a sinister smoothness in Leroux's latest mood. I did not trust the man, for all his bluntness. I suspected something, and I did not intend to relax my guard.

A gentle touch upon the elbow made me leap round in my chair. Old Charles Duchaine had ceased to play and was watching me out of his mild eyes. His finger stroked my coatsleeve timidly, as tho he were afraid of me.

"Don't go away!" he said with a shrewd leer. "Don't go away!"

"Eh?" I exclaimed, startled at this answer to my own self-questioning.

"Simon is a bad man," whispered the graybeard, putting his nodding head close down to mine. "He won't let you go away. He never lets any one go when they have come here. He didn't know my little daughter was coming, but I was too clever for him, because he [illegible] I am a silly old man, but I [illegible] that they think [illegible] Simon thinks he has got me in his power, but he hasn't."

"How is that?" I inquired, startled at the man's sincerity. I fancied that he must have been pretending to be half imbecile for reasons of his own.

"I have a system," leered the dotard. "I can win thousands and millions with it. I have been perfecting it for years. I have sent my little daughter to New York to play. Then I shall put Simon out of the house and we shall all be happy in Quebec together."

I turned from him in disgust, and, after ineffectually tapping my arm for a few moments, he went back to his wheel. But, tho I was disappointed to discover that my surprise as to his playing a part was incorrect, his words set me thinking. An imbecile old person is often a fair reader of character. Was Simon plotting something?

He came back with Jacqueline before I could decide.

"If you bid him, madame, M. Hewlett is willing to take his departure," said Leroux to her. "Is it your wish that he remain or go?"

"Oh, I want you to go, monsieur," said Jacqueline, clasping her hands pleadingly. Her eyes were full of tears, which trickled down her cheeks, and she turned her head away. "There is no reason why you should remain, monsieur," she said.

"Are you saying this of your free will, Jacqueline?" I cried.

She nodded, and I saw Simon's evil face crease with suppressed mirth.

I rose. "Adieu, then, madame," I said. "But first permit me to restore the money that I have been keeping for you." And I took out my pocketbook.

Siman stared at me incredulously.

"I do not understand you in the least, now, M. Hewlett," he exclaimed. "You are to keep the money. I do not go back upon my bargains."

"It is not, however, your money," I retorted, tho I knew that it soon would be. "I shall return it to Mme. d'Epernay, who entrusted me with it. Beyond that I care nothing as to its ultimate destination, tho perhaps I can guess. Naturally I do not carry eight thousand dollars about with me——"

"Ten thousand!" shouted Simon.

"Mme. d'Espernay gave me eight thousand," I said. "I do not know anything about ten thousand. Probably Mr. Daly has the rest. But, as I was saying, I shall give you a check——"

Leroux burst into loud laughter and clapped me heartily upon the shoulder.

"Paul Hewlett," he said, with genuine admiration, "you are as good as a play. My friend, it would have paid you to have accepted my own offer. However, you declined it, and I shall not renew it. Well, let us take your check, and it shall be accepted in full settlement." He winked at me and thrust his tongue into his cheek.

I was too sick at heart to pay attention to his buffoonery. I sat down at the table and, taking up a pen which lay there, wrote a check for eight thousand dollars, making it out to Jacqueline d'Epernay. This I handed to her.

"Adieu, madame," I said.

"Adieu, monsieur," she answered almost inaudibly, her head bent low.

I went out of the room, still gripping my pistol, and I took care to let Simon see it as we descended the stairs side by side. The noisy laughter in the ballroom had ceased, but I heard Raoul and Jean Petitjean quarreling, and their thick voices told me that they were in no condition to aid their master.

Then there was only Leroux and Philippe Lacroix to deal with. I could have saved the situation.

What a fool I had been! What an irresolute fool! I never learned.

As we reached the bottom of the stairs Philippe Lecroix came out of the ballroom carrying a candle. I saw his melancholy, pale face twist with surprise as he perceived me.

"Philippe, this is M. Paul Hewlett," said Leroux. "Tomorrow you will convey him to the cabin of Pere Antoine, where he will be able to make his own plans. You will go by way of le Vieil Ange."

Lacroix started violently, muttered something, and passed up the stairs, often turning to stare, as I surmised from the brief occasions of his footsteps.

"Now, M. Hewlett, I shall show you your sleeping quarters for tonight," Leroux continued to me, and conducted me out into the fenced yard. A number of Eskimo dogs were lying there, and one of them came bounding up to me and began to sniff at my clothes, betraying every sign of recognition.

This I knew to be the beast that I had taken to the home. How it had managed to make its escape I could not imagine, but it had evidently come northward with hardly a pause; and not only that, it had accompanied us on our journey from St. Boniface at a distance, like the half-wild creature that it was.

Two sleighs were standing before the huts. Leroux led me past them and knocked at the door of the largest cabin.

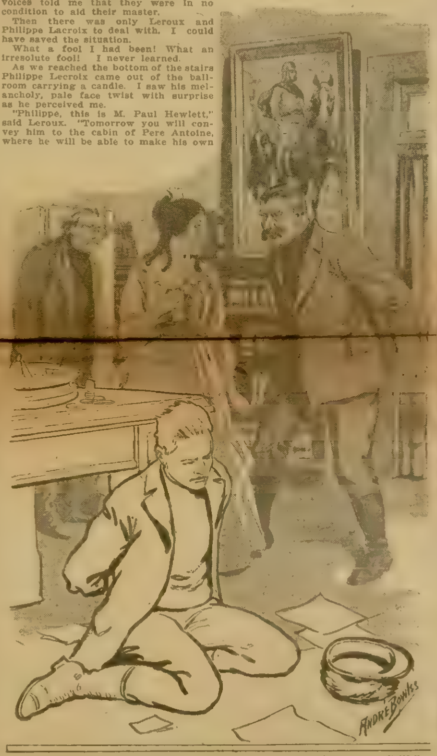
"Pierre Caribou!" he shouted.

He was facing the door and did not see what I saw at the little window on the other side. I saw the face of the old Indian, distorted with a grimace of fury as he eyed Leroux.

Next moment the native stood cringing before him, his features a mask. Looking in, I saw a huge stove which nearly filled the interior, and seated beside it the middle-aged squaw.

"This gentleman will sleep here tonight," said Leroux curtly. "In the morning, at sunrise, harness a sleigh for him and M. Lacroix. Adieu, M. Hewlett," he continued, turning to me. "And be sure your check will never be presented."

There was something so sinister in his manner that again I felt that thrill of fear which he seemed able to inspire in me.



He Wheeled About and Turned to Jacqueline. "I Will Marry You Still."

He was less human than any man I had known. He impressed me always as the incarnation of resolute evil. That was his strength—he was both bad and resolute. If bad men were in general brave, evil would rule the world as it ruled his. He swung upon his heel and left me.

I went in with Pierre Caribou, and the squaw glided out of the cabin. Inside there were two couches of the kind they used to call ottomans which evidently had formed part of the chateau furnishings, for their faded [illegible] accorded little with the decrepit interior of the hut.

I looked at my watch. I had thought it must be midnight, and it was only eight. Within three hours I had won Jacqueline, and lost her forever. With Leroux in my power, I had yielded and gone away.

And on the morrow I shall arrive at Pere Antoine's hut, just when he expected me.

Surely the mockery of fate could go no further.

I sank down on one of the divans and buried my face in my hands, while Pierre Caribou busied himself preparing food over the stove.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD ANGEL.

PRESENTLY the Indian touched me on the shoulder and I looked up. He had a plateful of steaming stew in his hands, and set it down beside me.

"Eat!" he said in English.

I was too dispirited and dejected to obey him at first. But soon I managed to fall to, and I was surprised to discover how ravenous I was. I had eaten hardly anything for days, and only a few mouthfuls since morning.

As I was eating, there came a scratching at the door, and the Eskimo dog pushed its way into the cabin, and came bounding to my side. I stroked and petted it, and gave it the remnants of my meal, while Pierre watched us.

"You know him dog?" he [illegible]

"I saw it in New York," I answered. "It belongs to Mlle. Jacqueline."

My mind was very much alert just then. It was as tho some hidden monitor within me had taken control to guide me thru a maze of unknown dangers. It was that inner prompting which had forbidden me to say 'Mme. d'Epernay.'

I had a consciousness of some impending horror. And I was shaking and all a sweat—with fear, too—gripping fear!

Yet the old name sounded as sweet as ever to my lips.

The Indian drew the stool near me and sat down. "You meet Mlle. Jacqueline in New York?" he asked.

"I brought her back," I answered.

"I know," the Indian answered. "I meet Simon; drive him from St. Boniface to hotel [illegible] —d—— bad [illegible]"

I saw a glimmer of hope now, tho of what, I hardly knew. Perhaps my [illegible] hear her name upon my lips [illegible]

"Pierre, [illegible] Simon Leroux?"

He did not answer me, but I saw his [illegible] a handful of coarse tobacco. He handed [illegible] to the bowl.

When the tobacco was alight he took another pipe and began smoking also.

I had not smoked for days, and I inhaled the rank tobacco fumes thru the old pipe gratefully. I was smoking with an Indian, and that meant what it has always meant. A black cloud seemed to have been lifted from my mind. And I was not trembling any more.

But how warily I was reaching out toward my companion.

"Pierre, I came here to save Mlle. Jacqueline," I said.

"No can save him," he answered. "No can fight against Simon."

"What, in the devil's name, is his power, then?" I cried.

"Le diable," he replied. He may have misunderstood me, but the answer [illegible] finis now. Old times, [illegible], too. Soon Pierre Caribou [illegible]. No can fight Simon. Perhaps old Pierre kill him, nobody [illegible]." He looked steadily at me. "I [illegible] on him dogs," he added.

"W[illegible]" I exclaimed.

"Simon, him tell me long ago nobody come to chateau. So you finish, too, maybe. What he tell you, you go?"

"Lacroix is going to take me to Pere Antoine's cabin tomorrow morning," I answered.

The Indan grunted. "Simon no mean to let you go," he said. "He mean kill you. You know too much. Sometime he kill me, too, or I kill him. Once I lived in old chateau at St. Boniface with old M'sieur Duchaine. Good days then, not like now. Hunt plenty game. Fine people come from Quebec, not like Simon. M'sieur Charles small boy then. All finish now."

"Pierre," I said, taking him my the arm, "what is the Old Angel—le Vieil Ange?"

He stared steadily at me.

"Why you ask that?" he said.

"Because Lacroix has been instructed to take me by that route," I answered.

Pierre said not a word, but smoked in silence. I sat upon the couch waiting. His face was quite impassive but

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I [illegible] question [illegible] of tremendous import to me.

At last he shook the ashes [illegible] of his pipe and rose. "Come [illegible] I show you [illegible] of Mamselle Jacqueline. Come."

I followed him [illegible]. A large moon was just rising out of the east, but it was not yet high enough to cast much light.

Still Pierre seemed in deadly terror of Simon, for he motioned me to creep, as he was creeping, out of the inclosure, bending low beside the fence, so that a watcher from the chateau might not detect our silhouettes against the snow-covered lake.

When we were clear of the chateau, or, rather, the lit portion of it, Pierre began to run swiftly, still in a crouching position, and in this way we gained the tunnel entrance.

He took me by the arm, for it was too dark for me to follow him by sight, and we traversed, perhaps, a mile of utter blackness. Then I began to see a gleam of moonlight in front of me, and, tho I had not been conscious of making any turn, I discovered that we must have retraced our course completely, for I heard the roar of the cataracts again.

Then we emerged upon a tiny shelf of rock some forty feet up the face of the wall, and quite invisible from below. It was a little above the level of the chateau roof, about a hundred yards away. Below me I could see the main entrance to the tunnel.

We had a foothold of about ten feet on the level platform, which was slippery with smooth, black ice, and thundering over us, so near that I could almost have touched it had I stretched out my hand, the whirling torrent plunged into that hell below.

It was a terrific scene. Above us that stream of white water, resembling nothing so much as a high-pressure jet from a fireman's hose magnified a thousand times, curved like a crystal arch, and so compact by reason of its force that not a drop splashed us. It was as strong as a steel girder, and I think it would have cut steel.

Pierre caught my arm as I reeled, sick with the shock of the discovery, and [illegible].

"Le Vieil Ange!" he cried. "This way Simon mean you go tomorrow. Lacroix [illegible] road.' He take you up here and push you—so."

He made a graphic gesture with his arm and pointed. I looked down, shuddering, into the black, foam-crested water, bubbling and whirling among the grotesque ice-pillars that stood like sentries upon the brink.

The horror of the plot quite unmanned me. I groped for the shelter of the tunnel, and clung to the rocky wall to save myself from obeying a wild impulse to [illegible] myself headlong into the flood below.

I perceived now that the whole face of the wall was honeycombed with tunnels of natural formation running into the recesses of the limestone. I wondered that the whole structure, undermined thus and pressed down by the weight of millions of tons of ice above where the glacier lay, did not collapse and crumble down in ruin.

Rivulets gushed from the wall everywhere, mingling their contributory waters with those of the twin torrents. The plateau seemed to be the watershed in which the drainage of the entire territory had its origin. Within those connecting caves, if a man knew their secret, he might hide from a regiment.

Pierre followed me to the mouth of the tunnel and gripped me by both arms.

"What you do?" he asked. "You go to Pere Antoine tonight? What you do now?"

I [illegible] the pistol from my coat pocket.

"Pierre," I answered, "I have two bullets here and both of them are for Simon. [illegible] I had him in my power [illegible] him. Now I am going back, and [illegible] shoot him down like a dog, [illegible]."

[illegible]

I did not know [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the hope of meeting him with Jacqueline. Only I could not forbear to speak her name again.

Pierre's face was twitching. "You no go back!" he cried. "Simon he kill you. No use to fight Simon. Him time not come yet. When him time come, he die."

"When will it come?" I asked, looking at the man's features, which were distorted with frenzied hate.

"I not know!" exclaimed Pierre. "I try find—cards to tell me. No Indian man in this part country remember how to tell me. In old days many could tell. Now I wait. When his time come, old Indian know. He kill Simon then himself. Nobody else kill Simon. No use you try."

I own that, standing there and thinking upon the man's hellish design, his [illegible] again would I forget.

I shook the [illegible] and plunged forward [illegible]. I heard him [illegible] think he saw [illegible] I was [illegible] follow me.

[illegible]

At last I stood still, [illegible] felt a breath of air upon my [illegible].

[illegible] But I stopped [illegible]. I was waiting [illegible]. It was the sound of the waterfalls. In place of [illegible].

My elbow [illegible] tunnel wall. I stepped sideways toward the center, [illegible] hardly three feet wide, and the low roof almost touched my head.

It narrowed and grew lower still; but the light of the stars was clear in front of me and the cold wind blew upon my face; and I squeezed thru into the same scooped-out hollow which I had entered on the same afternoon during the course of my journey toward the chateau.

I had approached it apparently thru a mere fissure in the rocks upon the opposite side and at a point where I had assured myself that there could be no [illegible] feet, and in front of me I saw a candle flickering in the recesses of a cave, so [illegible] by shielding my eyes against the moon and stars.

I grasped my pistol tightly and crept noiselessly forward. If this should be Leroux, as I was convinced it was, I would not parley with him. I would [illegible].

My moccasined feet pressed the soft ground without the slightest sound. I gained the entrance to the cave. Within it, his back toward me, a man was stooping down.

As I stepped nearer him my feet dislodged a pebble, which rolled with a splash into the bed of the stream.

The man started and spun around, and I saw before me the pale, melancholy features of Philippe Lacroix.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOUIS D'EPERNAY.

HE UTTERED an oath and took two steps backward, but I saw that he was unarmed and that he realized his helplessness. He flung his hands above his head and stood facing me, surprise and terror twisting his features into a grimacing grin.

There was no man, next to Leroux, whom I would rather have seen.

"I wanted to see you, M. Hewlett," he babbled.

"I can quite believe that, M. Lacroix," I answered. "You have looked for me before. But this time you have found me."

"I have something of importance to say to you, monsieur," he began again.

"I can believe that, too," I answered.

"It is about le Vieil Ange [illegible]"

"By God, I did not mean—I [illegible] you, monsieur—listen, [illegible] moment only," he stammered. "Lower your pistol. You see that I am unarmed!"

[illegible]

[illegible] do you [illegible]

"I am [illegible]"

"Some half [illegible]

[illegible] my ear: "M[illegible] in these [illegible] world [illegible]!"

He stooped [illegible] pebbles [illegible] pebbles of [illegible] them was [illegible] courage. I th[illegible] not fear that [illegible].

So that [illegible] I had always [illegible] decrepit old age, as [illegible] Duchaine.

I looked [illegible] the cave [illegible] oix was bending over [illegible] heap [illegible] sacks.

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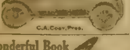

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p[illegible] almost to the roof. They were [illegible] of earth, but the earth was flaked [illegible] gold, and I saw nuggets glittering [illegible] it.

"It is everywhere, monsieur!" cried Lacroix. "In this stream, in these hills too. You can gather a mortarful of earth anywhere, and it will show color when it is washed. We found this place together—"

"You [illegible]?"

"No! I and—"

He broke off suddenly and eyed me with furtive cunning.

"Yes, yes, monsieur. Leroux and I. And we two worked here together, with nothing more than picks and shovels and mortars and pestles. Leroux and I. There was nobody else. We slept here when Duchaine thought we were in Quebec. For days and days we washed and dug and we have hardly scratched the surface. Monsieur, it is the Mother Lode, it is the world's treasure-house! Ah, mon Dieu, there are millions upon millions here!"

I understood now why the provisions had been stored there. And I had passed by and never knew that there was an ounce of gold! But——

"There are three blankets here," I said.

"Yes, yes, monsieur!" cried Lacroix eagerly. "I suffer much from cold. Two of them are mine, and Leroux has only one. It is the richest gold deposit in the world, M. Hewlett, and neither Raoul nor Jean Petitjean knows the secret—only Leroux and I. One cannot light upon this place save by a miracle of chance, such as brought you here. God put this treasure in these hills, and He did not mean it to be found."

I grasped him by the shoulder. "Do you see what this means?" I shouted.

"It means a glorious life!" he cried. "All the wealth in the world [illegible]"

"No, it means death!" I answered. "It means that if Leroux succeeds in killing me, he will kill you too! Don't you see that we must stand together? Do you suppose that he will share his hoard with you?"

"No, M. Hewlett," answered Lacroix quietly. "And that is precisely what I wanted to say to you. You are not a hog like Leroux; I can trust you. And then you are a gentleman, and we gentlemen trust each other. I will give you a share in the gold, and you will get mademoiselle. She has no love for Louis. She left him half an hour after the marriage had been performed. Leroux witnessed the ceremony, and he hurried away with Pere Antoine, and then she ran away. She loves you! And Louis will not trouble you!"

[illegible]ered. "I don't want [illegible] views on—on Mlle. Jacqueline, my friend. But it seems to me that our interests are mutual, and, as it happens, I was on my way back to have it out with Leroux when I stumbled upon this place."

"But I can show you the way," he exclaimed. "Come with me, monsieur. I don't know how you got into the wrong passage, but it is simple—straight ahead. Come with me! I will precede you."

I followed him into the darkness, and very soon heard the sound of the cataract again. And then once more I was standing at the tunnel entrance, under a brilliant moon, and the chateau was before me.

It was all dark now, except for a glimmer of light that came from two windows on the far side, visible indirectly as a reflection from the snowy ste[illegible]. That must be Duchaine's [illegible].

Leroux's I did not know, of course, but I surmised that it was one of those on [illegible] same story, which I had passed whil[illegible] [illegible]ng my previous tour of discovery. But this ignorance did not cause me much concern. I knew that, once we were face to face together, I should gain the victory over him.

And I would be merciless and not falter.

And Jacqueline! If I won, should I not keep her? She was mine, even against her will, by every rule of war. And this was a world of war, where beauty went to the strong, and all rules but that were scratched from the book of life.

I would not even tread softly now, nor [illegible]k within the shadows. Nor did I fear Lacroix, altho he had fallen out of sight behind [illegible].

I strode steadily across the snow and opened the door in the dark wing, entered the hall and ascended the stairway, took the turn to the right and passed thru the little hall. As I had guessed, the light came from Duchaine's room.

I heard Leroux's harsh voice within and if I stopped outside it was not in indecision, but because I meant to make sure of my man this time.

Thru the crack of the door I saw old Charles Duchaine nodding over his wheel. Leroux was standing near him, and in a corner, beside the window, was Jacqueline. She was facing our common enemy as valiantly as she had done before. And he was still tormenting her.

"I want you, Jacqueline," I heard him say, in a voice which betrayed no throb of passion. "And I am going to have [illegible]. I always have my way. I am not like that weak fool Hewlett."

"It was I who sent him away, not you," she cried. "Do you think he was afraid of you?"

Leroux looked at her in admiration.

"You are a splendid woman, Jacqueline," he said. "I like the way you def[illegible] [illegible] God, I do! But [illegible] quite at my mercy. And you are going to yield! You will yield your will to mine."

"Never!" she cried. "I will fling myself into the lake before that will happen. Ah, monsieur," [illegible] voice took on a pleading tone, "why will you not take all we have and let us go? We are two helpless people; we shall never betray your secrets. Why must you have me too?"

"Because I love you, Jacqueline," he cried, and now I heard an undertone of passion which I had not suspected in the man. "I am not a scoundrel, Jacqueline. Life is a hard game, and I have played it hard. And I have loved you for a long time, but I would not tell you until I had the right as well as the power—but now my love is my law, and I will conquer you!"

He caught her in his arms. She uttered a little gasping cry, and struggled wildly and ineffectually in his grasp.

I was quite cold, for I knew that was to be the last of his villainies. I entered the room and walked up to the table, my pistol raised, aiming at his heart, and I felt my own heart beat steadily, and the will to kill rise dominant above every hesitation.

Leroux spun around. He saw me, and he smiled his sour smile. He did not flinch, altho he must have seen that my hand was as steady as a rock. I could not withhold a certain admiration for the man, but this did not weaken me.

"What, you again, monsieur?" he asked mockingly. "You have come back? You are always coming back, aren't you?"

The truth of the diagnosis struck home to me. Yes, I was always coming back. But this time I had come back to stay.

"Can I do anything further for you, M. Hewlett?" he asked. "Was not your bed comfortable? Do you want something, or is it only habit that has brought you back here where nobody wants you?"

"I have come back to kill you, Leroux," I answered, and pulled the trigger six times.

And each time I heard nothing but the click of the hammer.

Then, with his bull's bellow, Simon was upon me, dashing his fists into my face, and bearing me down. My puny struggles were as ineffective as th[illegible] He had me on the floor and was kneeling on my chest, and in a trice the other ruffians had come dashing along the hall.

Jacqueline was beating with her little fists upon Leroux's broad back, but he did not even feel the blows. I heard old Charles Duchaine's piping cries of fear, and then somebody held me by the throat, and I was swimming in black water.

"Bring a rope, Raoul!" I heard Simon call.

Half conscious, I knew that I was being tied. I felt the rope tighten upon my wrists and limbs; presently I opened my aching eyes to find myself trussed like a chicken to two legs of the table. I think it was Jean Petitjean who said something about shooting me, and was knocked down for it. Leroux was yelling like a demoniac. I saw Jacqueline's terrified face and the trembling old man; and presently Leroux was standing over me again, perfectly calm.

He had taken the pistol from my coat pocket and placed it on the table, and now he took it in his hand and held it under my eyes. The magazine was empty.

"Ah, Paul Hewlett, you are a very poor conspirator, indeed," he said, "to try to shoot a man without anything in your pistol. Do you remember how affectionately I put my arm round you when you were sitting in that chair writing your ridiculous check? It was then that I took the liberty of extracti[illegible] cartridges. But I did think you would have had sense to examine your pist[illegible] and reload before you returned."

Jacqueline was clinging to him. "Monsieur," she panted, "you will spare his life? You will unfasten him and let him go."

"But he keeps coming back," protested Leroux, wringing his hands in mock dismay.

"Spare him, monsieur, and God will bless you! You cannot kill him in cold blood," she cried.

"We will talk about that presently, [illegible] dear," he answered. "Go and sit down like a good child. I have something more to ask this gentleman before I make my decision."

He picked up a scrap of newspaper from the table and held it before my eyes, deliberately turning up the oil lamp wick that I might read it. I recognized it at once. It was the clipping from the newspaper, descriptive of the murdered man, which I had cut out in the train and placed in my pocketbook.

"You dropped this, my friend, when you pulled out your checkbook," said Simon. "You are a very poor conspirator, Paul Hewlett. Assuredly, I would not

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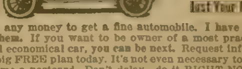

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have you on my side at any price. Well?"

"Well?" I repeated mechanically

"Who killed him?" he shouted

He shook the paper before my eyes and then he struck me across the face with it

"Who killed Louis d'Epernay?" he yelled, and Jacqueline screamed in fear

"I did." I answered after a moment

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LITTLE DAGGER

LEROUX staggered back against the wall and stood there scowling like a devil. It was evident that my answer had been totally unexpected. I had never seen him under the influence of an overwhelming emotion, and I did not at any time understand the cause of his consternation

Jacqueline was clinging to her father, and the old man looked from one to the other of us in bewilderment, and shook his white head and mumbled

"Did you—know this, madame?" cried Leroux fiercely to Jacqueline

"Yes," she replied

"So this is why you pretended to have forgotten. You remembered everything?"

"Yes"

"You lied to shield yourself?

"No, to shield him," she cried "Because he was my only friend when I was helpless in a strange city. You did not steal my money, did you, Paul?" she added, turning swiftly upon me. "No, you have paid me. You were keeping it for me."

"You lie, damn you!" yelled Leroux, and he struck her across the mouth as he had struck me

I writhed in my bonds. I pulled the heavy table after me as I tried impotently to crawl toward him, sending the wheel flying and all the papers whirling thru the air. I cursed Leroux as blasphemously as he was cursing Jacqueline I saw a trickle of blood on her cut lip and the proud [illegible] defied him

And, at the door [illegible] Phillipe Lacroix

Leroux turned on me and kicked me savagely and dragged the table to the far end of the room and struck me repeatedly [illegible] I struggled like a mad man [illegible] that [illegible] indifferently, or rather something that was deep in the maze of my personality heard them—not that pitiful, plaything goaded thing that fought in its bonds until it ceased, panting and exhausted

There followed a long silence while Leroux strode furiously about the room. At last he stopped; he seemed to have made up his mind

"I understand now," he said, nodding his head. "So you are the man who took this woman to the Merrimac. And then to your home, and Louis d'Epernay followed you there, and, naturally, you killed him. Well, it is intelligible. You were infatuated with this woman. Well—but——" He wheeled and turned to Jacqueline. "I will marry you still."

She did not deign to answer him, nor to wipe away the blood that trickled down her chin

"Do you know why?" he bawled

She raised her eyes indifferently to his I saw that, tho her spirit was unbroken, she was weary to death

"Because you become part heir of the [illegible] by your husband's death!" he shouted; and then he took Charles Duchaine by the arm and began shaking him violently

"Listen, you old fool!" he cried "Your son-in-law is dead—Louis d'Epernay!"

Charles Duchaine looked at Leroux in his mild way He had put one arm round his daughter, and he seemed to understand that Simon was maltreating her, and to wish to defend her: but his wits were still wandering, and I saw that he understood only a little of what was passing

"Louis d'Epernay is dead!" cried Simon, shaking the old man again.

"Well, well!" answered Duchaine, stroking his long beard with his free hand. "So Louis is dead! Did you kill him, Simon?"

"No, I didn't kill him," Simon sneered. "Wake up a little more, Duchaine. Do you know what happens now he is dead?"

"I expect you get some more money, Simon," answered the old man with an ingenuousness that made the reply more stinging than any intended irony.

Leroux burst into [illegible] laughter.

"You are quite right, Duchaine," he answered. "And I am not going to mince matters. I have a hold over you, and you will do my bidding. You will assign your share to me as your son-in-law."

I saw Jacqueline looking at me. I would not meet her gaze, but at last her persistence compelled me. Then I saw her glance toward the wall

The two broadswords hung there, within arm's reach, above the broken mirror My heart leaped up at the thought of her valor. She had no mind to yield!

But I shook my head imperceptibly in answer, and looked down at my bonds

"I don't want you to marry my daughter, Simon," said old Duchaine mildly. "I saw you strike her in the face just now. No gentleman would do that Come, Simon, you know you are not a gentleman; you ought not to think of such a thing. Jacqueline would not be happy with you. What does she say?"

"I don't care what she says," snarled Leroux. "I will take care of that."

I had been trying hard to devise some method of freeing myself. My struggles had relaxed the ropes around my wrist sufficiently to allow my hands two or three inches of movement, and I hoped by hard work, to loosen them sufficiently to enable me to get at least one hand free

Then I felt that something hard was pressing into my back, just within reach of my right thumb and forefinger. My fur coat, which was still round me, was twisted, so that the inside breast-pocket was behind me, and I fancied that the hard object was something that I had placed in this receptacle

I let my thumb and finger travel up and down it. It had the form of a tiny knife, with a heavy, rounded handle

And suddenly I knew what it was It was the knife with which Louis d'Epernay had been killed!

I must have put it in my breastpocket at some time, intending to throw it away, and it had slipped thru a hole in the lining and gone down as far as the next ridge of fur, where it had become wedged

I could just get my finger and thumb round the point of the blade The ropes scored deeply into my wrists as I worked at it, but I felt the lining give, and presently I had worked the blade thru and had the knife out by the handle

But it was made for thrusting more than cutting, and I had to pick the ropes to pieces, strand by strand

Jacqueline had been imperceptibly edging away from her father and Leroux; she was now standing immediately beneath the rusty swords. And outside the door I still perceived Lacroix, motionless.

It flashed across my mind that he understood the girl's desperate ruse, and that he was waiting for the issue I picked [illegible]

[illegible] upon the [illegible]

"I'll see you dead first, Simon," was his unexpected [illegible]

What [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the old man

[illegible] he answered "Listen now! [illegible] the Government [illegible]

[illegible] and at a word from [illegible]

It was pitiful to see [illegible] came over [illegible] with fear and [illegible]

"Simon, you would [illegible] all these years of friendship [illegible] Mon Dieu I do not wish to [illegible]

"Keep calm, Charles," [illegible] responded Simon [illegible] I am ready to return friendship for friendship. Will you acknowledge me as your son-in-law and heir?"

"Yes," stammered the old man, "take everything, Simon, only leave me free"

"Well, that is more [illegible]," said Leroux, evidently [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] I shall give you [illegible] thousand dollars You [illegible] forgotten the old times in Quebec

"No, Simon," [illegible] Duchaine, looking up hopefully at him

"If you had ten thousand dollars Charles, you could make [illegible] in a week. They [illegible] your system would [illegible]

"Yes, yes!" cried the old man [illegible] "If only I had ten thousand dollars I could make my fortune [illegible] I am old now. My little daughter has gone to New York to play for me You did not know that, Simon, did you?" [illegible] looking at him with a cunning [illegible]

"She cannot play as well as you, Charles," said Leroux. "You have played so long, you know; you have the system at your fingers' ends. There is nobody who could stand up against you. Do you remember Louis Street and the fine people who were your friends? How they will welcome you! You could become a man of fashion again, in spite of your long exile in these solitudes. Do you recollect the races, where thousands can be won in a few minutes, when your horse romps home by a neck? And the gaming-tables, where a thousand dollars is but a pinch of dust, and the bright lights, and the chink of money—and you winning it all away [illegible] horses and carriages [illegible] houses will be open [illegible] tle error has long [illegible] And you are not an old [illegible]

"Yes, yes, Simon!" cried [illegible] fascinated by the picture "It is worth it—pardieu, it is!"

Jacqueline swung round on Leroux. I saw her fists [illegible] quiver

"Never, Simon Leroux," she cried. "[illegible]

(Continued on [illegible])

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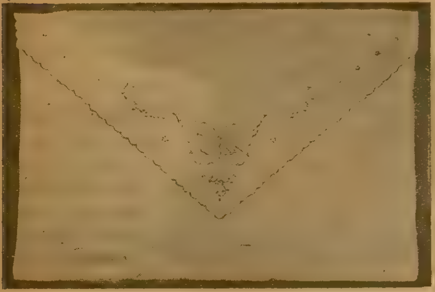

THERE is no gift more acceptable to the housewife or the bride-to-be than a set of these dressy, day pillow cases. In these days when linens are a scarcity and we are conserving our time, efforts and money, a practical gift of this nature is more appreciated than in normal times when our thoughts run more to all sorts of novelties.

Our grandmothers were shrewd and far-sighted when they made all white linens for the bed decorations, for there is nothing so soothing to weary muscles and tired nerves as a bed dressed in snowy white—pillows and spread. These day cases are a modern invention, an improvement on the old-time shams

Independent of other surroundings of the room, these restful pillows will bring solace to the tired, over-worked body by the promise they hold out of relaxation and sleep The clever needlewoman will see at a glance that the design illustrated on this page is attractive by virtue of its simplicity of subject and treatment

Most of the decorative portions are composed of eyelets, a small portion of French embroidery and some outlining, all stitches familiar to every reader of the Ledger [illegible] of th[illegible] The eyelets are small and are both round and oblong, the [illegible] composed of six oblong eyelets and one small round one for the center. Leaves and scattered dots are also of eyelet form. The central figure, a butterfly with outspread wings, is of outlining, with padded portions along the edges of the wings and for the solid body. Eyelets lighten and brighten the wings.

The lap of the case is finished with plain even scallops; these are padded and worked over with mercerized embroidery cotton. The size of the thread is a matter of choice and depends somewhat on the weight of the material used. Some workers prefer a single strand cotton for buttonholing, claiming it wears longer. For my choice I prefer the six-strand cotton for all the work—eyelet, French embroidery and scallops. It is made to be separated and as many threads used in the needle at once as the work requires. For example, the dainty traced lines of the butterfly's wings can be done with a single thread and fine needle, while the padded portions are worked with two threads and if a heavy scallop is desired use three threads in the needle at once. Besides these advantages, this strand cotton goes much further than the kind which cannot be split.

There are many charming designs suitable for decorating [illegible] and if a person prefers making French knots or solid embroidery to the eyelets this same pattern can be treated in either way with equally good taste and charming effect.

Conservation Goodies for Thanksgiving

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

THANKSGIVING usually sees our tables loaded down with all manner of good things to eat. Such a lot of baking and making of all kinds of sweets and confections one never did see. This year, however, a good many of us, thinking of our sons and husbands who are on the other side, and realizing that we must observe patriotically the sugar conservation edicts of the Food Administration, do not feel as tho we can have the usual number of good things on our dinner table for Thanksgiving.

Yet there are plenty of ways of preparing delicious desserts, candies and baked goods, and still live well within the bounds of our sugar allowances. For instance, we can use cocoanut.

Cocoanut is more than a delicacy, it is a food, and has high food value There is a high percentage of fats and proteins in its meat, and when you are using it you can rest assured that you are giving your body what it needs.

Cocoanut combines well with cane or maple sirup to make fine candy. It is also excellent in making cake [illegible] macaroons and other desserts. For your Thanksgiving dinner we recommend the cocoanut recipes which follow. If you will try them, you will always be sure to use them thereafter when you want to give your family a special treat.

COCOANUT WAR CAKE—Two-thirds cup sirup, 2 tablespoonfuls shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ⅜ teaspoonful salt, ¾ cup white flour, 1½ cups barley flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup chopped cocoanut.

Cream fat and sirup together. Add well-beaten egg. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to the mixture. Beat in cocoanut. Bake in slow oven as a loaf or layer.

COCOANUT CORN MUFFINS—One-half cup flour, 1 tablespoonful fat, 1 cup cornmeal, ½ teaspoonful salt, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ⅞ cup milk, 1 egg, ¾ cup chopped cocoanut

Sift dry ingredients, add to beaten egg, melted fat, milk and cocoanut. Bake in muffin tins

COCOANUT SNOW—Three tablespoonfuls gelatine, 2 tablespoonfuls cold water, 1 cup boiling water, [illegible] corn sirup, ¼ cup lemon juice, [illegible] egg whites, 1 cup cocoanut.

Dissolve gelatine in cold water. Let stand ten minutes. Add boiling water, cool and add cocoanut [illegible] water until it begins to [illegible]. Mix into the gelatine the well-beaten egg whites, to which the sirup has been added. Let it stand until firm

COCOANUT PRUNE WHIP—[illegible] sifted prune pulp, [illegible] egg whites beaten, [illegible] salt, [illegible] sirup, 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice, 1 cup cocoanut

Wash the prunes and allow to [illegible] until they regain their plumpness. [illegible] until tender. Rub thru sieve. Add salt to egg whites and beat until very stiff. Fold in the fruit pulp, lemon juice and sirup. Add the cocoanut. Put in greased ramekins and bake surrounded by water in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with cream.

COCOANUT [illegible]—One quart [illegible] spoonful [illegible] shredded cocoanut [illegible] water, ¼ cup [illegible] 2 pounds rice flour [illegible] cool to 90 degrees Fahrenheit and add yeast, dissolved in ½ [illegible] water, then shortening, then all the flour which has been previously sifted together. This makes a very stiff dough. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Beat the whites of two eggs not too stiff, cut down the dough and work in the egg whites. Work until a smooth, elastic mass results. Cover and set to rise. Let dough rise until very light, then roll out to one-fourth thickness. After the addition of the egg the dough is very soft. Brush over with sirup, sprinkle with cocoanut, roll up and cut in pieces one-half inch thick. Place in pan flat side up. Let rise. Bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

COCOANUT CORNFLAKE MACAROONS—One-half cup sugar, 2 egg whites, 2 [illegible] cornflakes, 1 cup cocoanut.

Beat eggs until light, add sugar, fold in cocoanut and cornflakes [illegible] buttered sheet and bake [illegible]

Fig Sandwiches.

MIX well equal parts of fig [illegible] paste, and grated cheese [illegible] between very thin slices of Boston brown bread. Bread steamed in baking powder cans makes nice size sandwiches

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An [illegible] ection from [illegible]

[illegible] catarrh but few [illegible] have [illegible] No [illegible] parent at[illegible] your no[illegible] Don't let [illegible] lies low, [illegible] check [illegible]

[illegible] with catarrh, causing [illegible]

The blood, swarming with catarrhal infection, en[illegible] upon the [illegible] labor that m[illegible] them [illegible] lungs and bronchial tubes, scourge [illegible] the destructive influence of systemic catarrh, can lead to anemia and the most serious consequences.

You are urged to write to C. E. Gauss of Marshall, Mich., for a free trial of [illegible] friends, neighbors and others, he now offers to send free to all a trial treatment [illegible] It is enough [illegible] It gives [illegible] the relief [illegible] Your eyes [illegible] out; [illegible] choking. This home [illegible] important [illegible] is a fact [illegible] men have catarrh, but [illegible] how badly they have it. [illegible] how quickly it may [illegible] feeble, wrinkled and [illegible] Catarrh should be [illegible] first symptoms of [illegible] and stuffy feeling in the head make their appearance

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"Oh It's My Nerves"

Cries Many A Woman Whose Weakened Run-Down Condition Makes Her Cross, Irritable, Wrinkled and Old Before Her Time.

Most Women Who Tire Easily, Have Fits of the "Blues" or Look Pale, Haggard and Worn, Need More Iron in Their Blood to Strengthen Their Nerves and Put Color In Their Cheeks, Says Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, Prominent New York Surgeon and Former Adjunct Professor New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

Physician Says Anaemia—Lack of Iron in the Blood—is the Greatest Curse to the Health, Strength, Vitality and Beauty of the Modern American Woman

Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Will Often Increase the Strength and Endurance of Weak, Nervous, Careworn Women in Two Weeks Time and Make Them Look [illegible]

With the divorce courts showing an ever increasing number of homes broken up often through woman's highly nervous state—with thousands of women leaving their business positions or unable to attend to their household duties because of their weakened run-down conditions, and still others whose constant complaining make life a burden to themselves and to their families, it should be especially interesting to the public generally to read the opinion of such a medical authority as Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, a prominent New York Surgeon, member of the New York State Medical Society and for 16 years Adjunct Professor of the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital, who tells below how by increasing the supply of iron in the blood, women may become stronger, healthier and more successful in the home, social and business life.

Dr. MacAlpine says: "In my opinion, [illegible] of every ten women who suffer from "Nerves" can improve their health, strength, vitality and general appearance by getting more iron in their blood. You can tell the women whose blood is rich in strength-giving iron, they are the beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked ones, radiant with life, vim and energy—envied and sought after everywhere they go. Yet despite all that has been said and written by physicians about the alarming iron deficiency in the blood of the average American woman of today, there are still thousands who need something to increase their red blood corpuscles and build up their strength and endurance and are either careless of their condition or do not know what to take. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to help make healthy, full-blooded, beautiful women. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen carrying power Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous, run-down women into a glow of health and make them look years younger within a surprisingly short time.

"If people would only realize that iron is just as indispensable to the blood as is air to the lungs and be just as particular about keeping up a sufficient supply at all times there would in my opinion be far less disease resulting from anæmic, weakened conditions. For years it was a problem with physicians how to administer iron in a form that could be taken up by the system and increase the red blood corpuscles without upsetting the stomach, blackening the teeth or producing other disorders [illegible] serious as the lack of iron itself. But the [illegible]tion of Nuxated Iron has done away with all the objectionable features of the old mineral salts of iron and gives to every careful, thinking physician a tried and valuable prescription which he can recommend nearly every day with benefit to his weakened and run-down patients. In my opinion, Nuxated Iron is the most valuable tonic, strength and blood builder any physician can prescribe."

In commenting upon Dr. MacAlpine's article on "Nerves," Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "Such words coming from so high a medical authority as Dr. MacAlpine must carry great weight with every thinking person. I regard Dr. MacAlpine as one of the most careful and conservative of physicians and if I had an operation to be performed on myself I know of no other surgeon whom I would rather have perform it. I fully agree with Dr. MacAlpine that there can be no healthy, rosy-cheeked women without iron. I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard looking women patients. Anæmia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American woman. Lack of iron in the blood may often transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the [illegible] of American [illegible] the [illegible] spaghetti, tapioca, [illegible] degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found [illegible] have removed the [illegible] Mother Earth from these [illegible] and silly [illegible] by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results."

It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, [illegible] without doing [illegible] get the [illegible] a consequence [illegible] make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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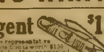

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The Mystery of No. 1313

(Continued From Page 11)

going and coming includes this young lady."

Willard brushed back the strayed lock of white hair with the same tired gesture that Tom had witnessed before. He sighed profoundly.

"No," he said, "it does not. I made no exceptions because I wanted to avoid explanations. Callis is the only one of my party at whom the order was particularly aimed. . . . Lord! What a source of anxiety he has been! . . . The other three men will cause you no trouble on that score; they understand that they are to remain on the yacht. Of course no stranger is to be permitted to come aboard."

"Thank you, sir," returned Tom, stiffly. "I wish I had known this; I can follow orders only as I receive them."

He faced the silent girl with a challenging look. Willard was leaving them—he disappeared. And she had not appealed to him.

"I will order the launch," he said quietly.

Without a word she preceded him up to the deck, where he summoned Mercer. He had just notified the first officer that he was leaving the Kohinur in his charge, when Delia interrupted in her most agreeable manner. She addressed the mate.

"I couldn't think of taking Captain Phinney away from his duties," she said sweetly. "You were saying this morning that you wanted to go downtown, Mr. Mercer; if you care to accompany me, now is your opportunity—of course, with Captain Phinney's consent." And she gave that discomfited individual a look from beneath her lowered lashes that was at once smiling and enigmatic.

Naturally enough Tom was taken completely off his guard, as he was expected to be; but after one involuntary start of surprise he rose to the occasion, accepting it with apparent equanimity.

Mercer's pale, dissipated features glowed with pleasure; it had been a long, long time since any gentle girl had imposed a confidence in him. He glanced doubtfully at his skipper, who was regarding him meaningly.

"Mr. Mercer may be depended on not to lose sight of you," Tom said pointedly, "and he'll see you safely back to the Kohinur." And he added to himself, [illegible]

[illegible] from the yacht than the girl's mood underwent a sudden change.

"Mr. Mercer," she said, "my errand is one of pressing importance, or, rest assured, I should not have undertaken to go downtown alone at this hour. Thanks to your kindness, I do not have to go alone, and my destination is the city only because I know of no nearby telephone station where I may be certain of privacy."

"If that's all you want," he returned, "we need go no further than the Claremont. But I am disappointed——"

"Mr. Mercer," she interrupted, "please bear with me and forgive me for having persuaded you to come with me under false pretenses. I have reason to be greatly worried and anxious."

"Believe me, I am only too glad to be of service," he gallantly assured her. "Isn't there something more definite that I can do for you?"

"No, no—thank you. Only conduct me to the nearest telephone and wait a few minutes for me."

With this she lapsed into silence. Mercer watched her while she adjusted her veil so that it rendered her completely unrecognizable, and marveled at the circumstance not a little.

He saw her enter a telephone booth; then he took up his station outside and waited. More than one acquaintance hailed him, or boisterously invited him to join them; but he was not to be persuaded.

Minutes passed. He reflected that the telephone conversation was becoming uncommonly long drawn out, when he was attracted by the booth door opening behind him, and a moan that could signify only intense agony of mind.

He slewed round to behold the girl clinging unsteadily to the door-knob. She had not troubled to readjust her veil, and he could see that her mouth was drawn in lines of suffering and that her lips were colorless. He sprang promptly to her assistance, and she instantly transferred the sustaining hand to his wrist, which she clutched spasmodically.

"What is it?" he demanded solicitously, yet with a restraining thought of the ease with which any crowd's attention is attracted. "What has happened?"

"Mr. Mercer"—her voice, pitched low, was tense and vibrant with some mastering emotion—"please get me back to the Kohinur as quickly as you can."

And thus it was that inside of a half hour, Captain Phinney, who had remained every second watchful, saw the pair as they hurried to the waiting launch. Something in their haste quickened his faculties, and he took up his station at the gangway, and waited.

When the launch touched the accommodation steps, where the sailor held it secure with a boat-hook, the girl got out first, and, Tom noted, without a word to Mercer. Holding tightly to the hand rail, she came rapidly up to the deck.

He heard her utter a little sobbing gasp; then her knees doubled under her, and he caught her as she fell. He was filled with a sudden blinding rage.

"You d—d cur!" he roared at Mercer. "You'll answer to me for this."

But the limp form in his arms was not unconscious, only weak.

"He's not to blame," she whispered tremulously. "Take me to Jessie. Carry me."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAN OF IRON SPEAKS.

THE unhesitating assurance of her request, with its unmistakable import of dependence on him in her moment of need, thrilled every fiber of Tom's being. He swept her up into his arms as easily as if she had been a little child, and as tenderly.

"Get Molly," he curtly ordered Mercer, then started with her to her room.

Her eyes were closed, the long dark lashes lay upon her cheeks, and the lovely face wore a pinched look.

"Delia—sweetheart," he muttered—"if I could only take your trouble upon myself!"

The lids fluttered wearledly, and she looked up at him with a wan little smile.

"You can't, Tom," he heard her whisper.

After seeing her safely in Molly's care and being assured that the other ladies were notified, he went back to his first officer, convinced that either an explanation was due from Mercer, or else he owed Mercer an apology. But the latter bore no grudge for Tom's involuntary outburst. "She was 'phoning somebody," he said, "and learned something that knocked her all of a heap." He recounted all that had happened, and wound up by saying:

"There's a whole lot more mystery about this little old boat than I like. What do you make out of it all, anyway?"

"Nothing," Tom curtly replied. "And I'm getting pretty tired of it myself. Old Willard doesn't want to send for a doctor to look at Callis. The fellow [illegible] to be something of a doctor himself, and that nothing serious is the matter. Well, the blame's all his if the chap dies."

"Hope he does," was Mercer's unfeeling comment. "He handed me an awful wallop."

Some time after midnight, Molly came to him in the chart-house with a message that relieved his disquiet. Said Molly:

"Miss Delia wants me to tell you that she's all right now, and she hopes she hasn't caused you any anxiety."

Before breakfast next morning—Thursday—he saw her, dressed for the street in the same becoming blue gown she had worn the previous night. Her face was drawn and pale and her eyes held a troubled look, as if she had passed a sleepless night. Nevertheless she smiled as she greeted him.

"I am afraid I must cause more bother," she said. "I am obliged positively to go downtown this morning—I got no farther than the Claremont last night, you know."

"Before breakfast?" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes," with quiet gravity. "I am going with Miss Willard."

Miss Willard! Then one of the other ladies was old Willard's daughter—Jessie, doubtless.

"Delia," he said after a moment, "do you care if I go with you this morning?"

She colored faintly and dropped her gaze, but her gravity did not change.

"I shall be very glad to have you go over in the launch with us and get us a cab—if such things are procurable so far from town. But I'm sorry the errand is of a private nature—I abhor mystery and secrecy—but it is not mine."

"I don't want to intrude," he hesitated. She flashed a sly look at him.

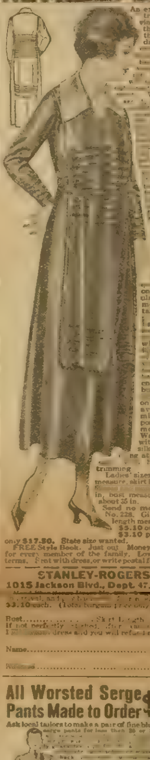
"Little good it does me to object," she said. "Here's Jessie."

A stateroom door opened to disclose a girl; black hair and eyes, but a clear complexion; and she was as tastefully and becomingly gowned, tho in light gray, as the other girl.

However, if Delia's appearance betokened a troubled mind, upon Miss Willard's face tragedy was writ large. There was a set expression upon her countenance that told of some secret poignant misery.

She acknowledged Tom's introduction so absently that he received the impression that her mind was set upon something afar off and that she was fiercely impatient of the intervening distance. She seemed to move in a sort of stony despair that would crush her down presently if she could not find relief.

And on the way over to the landing, and up to the Claremont, whose garage supplied them with an automobile, she



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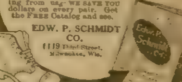
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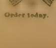

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uttered no word and remained indifferent to her surroundings.

When he had seen them in the car, Delia offered him a hand.

"I suppose the launch will come for us," she said with a sober little smile.

"If you don't mind, I'll meet you here—any time you say," returned Tom. "I want to run down to my club and look up a friend, then I'll be free."

Delia glanced doubtfully at Jessie Willard. "We might take you as far as Central Park," she proposed.

"Thank you—if I'll not be in the way."

Thirty minutes later he was at the Powhatan, learning with incredulous surprise that Van Vetchen had not been there since Tuesday. He promptly called up the Kenmore and got Barnicle on the wire. His mystification deepened at the bald information that "Mr. Rudolph was out of the city.'

"Out of the city!" Tom bawled into the mouthpiece. "What the devil do you mean? Where out of the city?"

But Barnicle had hung up.

"Oh, well," he reflected by and by, "he's learned something about Miss Carew and is off to see about it. I'll just knock around town a while, then catch a Central train and go back. It's perhaps just as well that he doesn't see me."

Then with a vivid memory of the delectable burden he had borne the night before, of the smile, of the unaffected request that he carry her, of his name whispered by her pretty lips—he grinned broadly and happily.

The grin, however, was cut short by a sudden realization that Mr. Phineas Flint was standing off at a little distance, scrutinizing him curiously.

Flint advanced to where he was sitting in the lounge and helped himself to an adjacent chair. Tom was not precisely overjoyed at the encounter.

"How do," he said shortly—the broadest interpretation of the salutation could not construe it as an inquiry touching upon the state of Mr. Flint's health and happiness.

That gentleman did not immediately respond, but presently his eyes wrinkled in a smile.

"I have just learned that Mr. Rudolph Van Vechten is out of the city," he quietly remarked.

"It hasn't been more than a minute since I learned it myself," returned Tom.

Mr. Flint's eyebrows went up. "Indeed? Then you haven't been together?"

Tom shook his head. "I have found a position"—he indicated his uniform—"I have been pretty busy. I took a run down-town to look him up."

"I am rather anxious to [illegible]." Mr. Flint ended another pause.

"I haven't the least idea where he is," said Tom. "Learned anything new?"

The detective produced a small strip of paper upon which were a half-dozen or so typewritten lines; this he sat holding in one hand.

"I have just come from Mr. Theodore Van Vechten," he said with a whimsical air. "He sent for me."

"The dickens he did!" Tom expressed his astonishment. "About your murder case?—Miss Carew?"

With his customary deliberation, the other amplified.

"It took him something less than twenty seconds to tell me what he wanted and dismiss me. He seemed to have enjoyed the episode. Without a word of greeting or preface, he said: 'If you want to find Max Willard—'"

"What!" yelled Tom.

"Just that. 'If you want to find Max Willard, perhaps this will help you.' He handed me this bit of typewriting, and I was shown out of the office. I am now on my way to follow up the information; but I should like to have seen Mr. Rudolph first."

He handed Tom the slip of paper, who read with growing bewilderment:

On August 18, 1911, letters patent were issued to Max Willard, New York, thru Patterson, Reed & Patterson, Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for a new explosive called "Willardite," reputed to be the most powerful in existence. For several months secret negotiations have been in progress between Willard and the U. S. Government.

While Tom had a feeling that this information, if properly understood, would [illegible] that was secret and obscure respecting Willard and his conduct, it still did not enlighten him in any way. Indeed, it was all the more [illegible] the intelligence should have [illegible] [illegible]tarily from the Man of Iron. He [illegible] [illegible]tlessly over it a while. [illegible]

"What's this got to do with either the murder or Miss Carew?"

"Nothing," cheerfully returned the detective, folding the slip of paper and depositing it in his wallet, "nothing whatever. Good day!"

And he left Tom more perplexed and mystified than ever.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FACE APPEARS AGAIN.

SINCE late Tuesday night, Rudolph Van Vechten's apartments in the Kenmore had reeked with iodoform, and in various other ways their presentment was not dissimilar to a hospital ward.

A uniformed nurse was constantly on duty, and she moved about, noiselessly and efficiently. Also a physician came and went at stated intervals.

All the hideous details of the episode in the Silent House remained in his memory like the aftermath of a terrifying nightmare. How, late at night, his senses had returned to him, how he had contrived to drag his battered body down the stairs, fainting more than once with pain and weakness; how he had been found upon the walk by a passing policeman, who, recognizing him, was persuaded to keep his mouth shut and convey him to his rooms—each revolting particular stuck persistently in his mind.

During the period since Tuesday, Barnicle had continued in a state of perturbation; for he had been strictly charged to inform all callers that his employer was not in town, and there had been numerous urgent telephone calls for the young man. The bells were now muffled, and Barnicle was required to lend the instrument a constant attentive ear, since only a faint buzz announced a signal.

Mr. Rudolph had spared no pains to keep his damaged condition from the eyes of the world.

A light tap upon the outer door broke sharply in upon Barnicle's troubled reflections. He cocked an ear in that direction, and glanced uneasily at the sleeper, who had not stirred. The tap was repeated.

For a third time the tap sounded. And then Barnicle stole into the reception-hall, with the determination of sending the presumptuous caller about his business. With this purpose in mind, he did not bother to close the living-room door behind him, and opened the outer door barely an inch or two—at first.

Next instant out of sheer amazement he pulled it wide open.

He was confronted by the vision of a beautiful, stylishly gowned young lady. That she really was a lady in every sense of the word, Barnicle could not for an instant doubt. No one could have doubted.

With one eye expectant for the young lady's card, and the other taking stock of her loveliness, he began to assure her that Mr. Van Vechten was out of the city.

The tone in which she interrupted, the flash of her eyes that accompanied the words, made his mouth close like a trap.

"I know that Mr. Van Vechten is here," she declared positively, "and I know that he is ill. I mean to see him."

"But Mr. Van Vechten is in no condition to——"

Once [illegible] checked him, this time with an irrepressible sob of impatience and an impetuous command to stand aside. He obeyed mechanically, and the caller, brushing by him, rushed thru the reception hall into the living-room, and threw herself upon her knees beside the unconscious figure on the davenport.

The sleeper stirred, and with a sudden movement, whipped the bandage from his eyes. He stared blankly up at the girl. She gasped and recoiled from the sight of him.

It was patent that Van Vechten doubted the evidence of his senses, or else he concluded that his dreams had taken a pleasanter bent; at any rate, he lay motionless, staring at the vision of her who had occupied so much of his thoughts of late, until it dawned upon him that she was crying. Then with an inarticulate exclamation that ended in a groan, he tried to rise. Instantly she extended her right hand and gently pressed him back.

"No, no!" she protested chokingly. "Don't move. God forbid that I should cause you another second of suffering!"

In a flash he was wholly awake, all his faculties alert.

"But, my dear young lady!" he expostulated. "What is the meaning of this? How did you get here? Where is Barnacle?"

Again he tried to rise, this time deterring her attempt to stop him. It was a slow and painful operation for him to assume a sitting posture. With an impulsive movement, she passed one arm around his shoulders.

"Then I can help you," she said.

"Thank you," said Van Vechten at last, rather breathlessly, for movement was still torture for him.

The girl rose to her feet and moved a bit away from him.

"Will you not be seated?" he invited. She shook her head. He went on: "I realize that some serious purpose [illegible] brought you to see me, and I [illegible] you are agitated. [illegible] now, as alw[illegible]"

"Don't!" the sudden prot[illegible] have [illegible]. "Mr. Van Vechten, I am wh[illegible] unworthy of any gentleman's forbearance and courtesy; the most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you but heaps humiliation upon humiliation. I deserve nothing from you but [illegible] and contumely. That, I can endure; but kindness——?" She was unable to proceed.

At last Van Vechten was beginning to comprehend the motive behind this visit.

"If you don't compose yourself," he said pleasantly, "we are not likely to arrive at any sort of under[illegible]. Please drag a chair over close to me—I can't see you very well, you know; nor can I observe all the niceties of behavior with what I would like to celebrate this event and make you welcome. For [illegible], nobody ever crossed my threshold who was more welcome."

He could [illegible] well [illegible], however, to note that any reference to her present incapacity hurt the girl. She did not stir.

"If you don't [illegible] [illegible], I shall be obliged to make the effort anyhow."

At once she brought a chair over close to him and sat down. Supporting her chin with one hand, she rested the elbow upon an arm of the chair. She was so winsome and pretty, and also so distressed, that Van Vechten wanted more than anything else to [illegible] her see a ludicrous side of the whole affair. But as yet he had no hint of how vitally serious it was to her at present; her intense nature was much too earnest to be swayed by any attempt at levity or any play of [illegible].

Pretty soon she gained her self-control, and began speaking with a degree of calmness.

"Mr. Van Vechten, if [illegible] had told me the story of what happened Tuesday afternoon, about some [illegible] other than myself, I would have believed it too monstrous to be true."

"But you did nothing," Van Vechten objected. "You were in deadly peril; the fellow was irresponsible."

"I could have brought you assistance, and I did not—deliberately. I [illegible] kept the affair to myself, not mentioning it to a living soul, except that I took measures to protect myself from future similar [illegible] by that dreadful creature." In a sudden passionate outburst, she sat upright. "My God! he might have murdered you!"

"But he did not, you see. Nor did he injure you. So why talk about it? I can think of a thousand pleasanter topics—yourself, for [illegible]. Suppose you tell me who you are."

The dark eyes were [illegible] [illegible] tragically.

"My name does not in the least matter," she demurred. "I am a despicable creature who had the [illegible] to hate you just because your name happens to be Van Vechten."

That young gentle[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. He quickly [illegible].

"That being the case, I seem to be more [illegible] than you are willing to admit. Why should you hate the name Van Vechten? I must confess that I have added nothing to its luster, yet neither have I besmirched it, nor allowed the clan's gonfalon to trail in the dust. You see that my feelings toward you are anything but harsh and vindictive; so why not tell me about your[illegible]"

"No, no—I am too full of shame [illegible] mortification!" she cried bitterly. "I owed it to my own m[illegible] [illegible] less pride to humble [illegible] before you. I hated you [illegible] [illegible] noble high [illegible] [illegible]. If you knew—ever[illegible]"

For once in his life, at least, Van Vechten was at a loss.

"Listen to me," he resumed, after a pause. "I can show you that your whole conception of the matter [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] the time and place to [illegible] [illegible] that occasion I should have [illegible] [illegible] you listening [illegible] [illegible] one minute since last Sunday afternoon that you have been out of my thoughts."

She looked at him in wonder.

"Sunday?" she echoed. "W[illegible]"

"That I love you."

"Mr. Van Vechten," she [illegible] [illegible], "this is absurd. Still, if it is your method of revenge, it is not for me to show resentment. You do not even know my name."

"I do," he quietly contradicted. "It is Jessie."

She uttered a surprised little cry. "Wh[illegible]"

"Wait, please," he checked her. "I want to add that if you [illegible] the pure, high attributes you [illegible] to me, you must know that I could not have such a [illegible] [illegible] that I am neither [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] that I must be sincere."

For a long time she sat [illegible] into his eyes. Then:

"Do you mean that?" she asked very softly.

"I was never more [illegible] [illegible]," he assured her.

"Then," she said, rising and gently disengaging her hand, "I shall promise. One week from today—if your feelings have not changed in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I will [illegible] you any [illegible] [illegible]."

She passed toward the reception hall, and [illegible] feelings were [illegible] [illegible] dream coming [illegible] he [illegible] dreaming [illegible] the dream was about to end, and [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] complied with each request as quickly as it was made. [illegible] he went on, "is that promise [illegible] of your poor, misguided, self-imposed penance?"

"Don't ask me what urges it," she replied in a shaking voice.

"I shan't accept it in an [illegible] distorted spirit [illegible] sacrifice," he pursued, still speaking [illegible] but none [illegible] it is too much to expect that you [illegible] a sentiment toward me that anywhere near approaches mine—not now. But I can teach you—girl, I can teach you! I——"

(Continued on [illegible])

Womanhood in War Time

Many of the brave women who attend our wounded heroes in this war are women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription or who recommend it. The hospital, with its work and long hours, imposes an extreme hardship on a woman's strength. Every woman should make herself fit for war's call at home or abroad. She should obtain a book called the "Medical Adviser," either at her nearest drug store or by sending fifty one-cent stamps to Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for this book which tells about nursing, first aid, bandaging, anatomy, physiology, the marriage relation, knowledge of sex, and mother and babe.

Thousands of women in the United States have overcome their sufferings, and have been cured of women's ills, by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Fainting spells, chills or great pain at regular or irregular intervals should be corrected. This woman's tonic though started nearly half a century ago, sells most widely today. It can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid, at most drug stores, and every woman who suffers from backache, headache, nervousness, should take this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce's. It is not a secret prescription, for its ingredients are printed on the wrapper. Send 10 cents for a trial package to Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or write for free confidential medical advice.

AUTO-INTOXICATION?

When poisons accumulate in the intestines and are sent thru the channels of the blood because of the stagnation of this part of the body, it is what we call auto-intoxication. It usually precedes any sickness, and you will escape about nine-tenths of the ills of humanity if you keep the bowels open. Eat coarse foods.

A pleasant form of a vegetable laxative that is to be had at any drug store, was invented by Dr. Pierce, who put together May apple, aloes, jalap. Ask at almost any drug store for "Pleasant Pellets" and they can be had for 25c the vial.

Demons of the Sea

Continued From Page 6

there was no moon, and heavy clouds obscured the stars.

Donald looked keenly at Davies. He was a nice little chap, disciplined, clean, alert, the beau-ideal of a naval officer in embryo. What he liked best about the little middy was his resolution; he knew that Davies would never hesitate to take responsibility whenever he thought his duty required a prompt decision.

Donald could have no better confidant. And he needed one as sorely as Masterman had done.

"Davies," he said, "I'm going to tell you something. It's not the engines, but it isn't altogether the water, either. The plankton wouldn't stop us. And it's too fine to clog the machinery. Something is trying to push us back, Davies."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I was warned about it before I left New York," continued Donald. "What I'm going to tell you will sound incredible, but it happens to be true. You know, Davies, our ancestors were marine creatures?"

"I thought them monkeys, sir. At least, a long time ago."

"Long before they were monkeys, Davies. At least, they first lived in the sea. And we become monkeys afterward, and then men."

"Yes, sir. I was going to say that the electric engine shows signs of developing——"

"One moment, please, Davies. There's another swarm of deep-sea men coming to overrun the earth. Masterman told me—you've heard of Masterman, the marine explorer? He told me he'd seen them—no, 'felt' them—before he died. I felt them today. They attacked us in the boat and upset us."

"Excuse me, sir," said Davies, "but wouldn't you like to lie down? I can take the F55 to the island, sir, and we'll call you when we are at anchor."

"Please listen to me, Davies. They are invisible, these monsters, all except the eyes, which look like currants. When they die the albuminous parts of the body harden, producing a milky opacity. They look then something like hairless monkeys. And they're trying to stop the submarine from making Fair Island, just as they tried to draw the boat there. They——"

He broke off, nonplussed by the middy's polite, respectful stare. Donald had not imagined that the story would sound so grotesque. He hardly believed now that he could make Davies realize [illegible]

"I'm sorry to hear about them, sir," said Davies. "What do you wish me [illegible]

"Keep the hatches closed," said Donald. "We are taking a risk not submerging, but we have got to make Fair Island. If they get aboard, it will be a fight to the death. Happily, it isn't hard to kill them, only we can't see them. They are quite invisible, remember. I killed two of them. Better serve out cutlasses——"

"We won't stand for any nonsense from them, sir," answered the middy. "Excuse me, sir, while I call Clouts to take the lookout." He moved toward the entrance.

"Yes, Get him to come on duty," said Donald. He knew that the young fellow had not understood what he was telling him. He wanted to be alone to think out his plans. Of course, the world must be warned. Nobody could dream that this devastating plague actually threatened civilization until it was too late.

In a few moments Sam Clouts came in. He saluted, but instead of taking his post at the observation port, he remained standing in front of Donald.

"Wouldn't you like to lie down below, sir?" he asked.

"What's that?" demanded Donald. "What do you mean, Clouts?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I think a rest would do you good," said the sailor.

"Get to your post!" said Donald sharply.

"But, really, sir——"

"Is this insubordination, Clouts?"

"No, sir. But it would be best for you to rest, sir," persisted Clouts.

Davies reappeared at the door.

"He's quite right, sir," he said. "He's acting under my orders. You need to rest for a while."

Donald suddenly began to understand.

"Davies, do you imagine that I am crazy?" he cried. "Why, that's what they told Masterman!"

"I think, sir, you ought to rest," said Davies. "Meanwhile I am assuming command."

"I'll have you court-martialed, Davies!" cried Donald angrily.

"I'll face that, sir," returned the little middy. "You see, sir, it amounts to this: I have only spoken to Clouts so far. It would be better to lie down quietly than to have the rest of the men know about this. It would be very prejudicial to discipline, sir. And in the morning, when you feel different, I shall resign the command to you again."

"You think I have imagined all that I was telling you, eh?" inquired Donald.

"Well, sir, I think that those creatures won't seem so real to you after you've rested from the strain. And Clouts will be at your service if you need him, sir."

Donald began to realize the impossibility of convincing Davies. The middy evidently believed that his exposure in the boat had turned his brain. It was useless to attempt to argue. Of course he ought never to have spoken about the monsters, but they had been so real, so recent in his mind. However——

"Davies, you may take command until morning," said Donald. "Only remember my warning about the hatches."

He turned toward the door. Davies saluted him. Sam Clouts accompanied him to his cabin below.

"We put the lady in here, sir," he said, pausing in front of the door.

"Quite right," answered Donald. "You may sling me a hammock in the officers' messroom."

"I've done it, sir," Clouts answered.

A moment later Donald found himself a prisoner on board his own ship. For, on making his exit, Clouts had locked the door. The action was done with dispatch, and the key was turned almost noiselessly, but Donald had heard it.

Only a thin panel separated him from his cabin, which Ida occupied. On the other side was the base of the conning tower, which was of steel plates. Under them were the storage batteries, and, adjoining them, the torpedo-room, from which a metal pipe led to the escape hatch. There were, of course, no portholes. The submarine, submerged, was a steel tomb.

And a great horror came upon Donald as he realized their imminent danger.

He got into his hammock and tried to compose his mind, but he discovered that the events of the day had shaken him more than he had imagined. Those awful memories recurred to him against his volition. Worst of all was the knowledge that precious time was passing while he was a prisoner. And he recollected that the monstrous horde, surrounding the submarine, no doubt, had already discovered that men were food. If Davies took off the hatches—perhaps he had already done so.

His mind became obsessed by the threatened danger. He sprang from his hammock, trembling. He tried to open the door. He set his shoulder against it. Outside he heard the reedy notes of a mouth organ, and Sam Clouts suddenly stood before him.

Donald had an impulse to appeal to the man, but at once he saw its futility.

"Tell Davies that he is on no account to take off the hatches," he said.

Sam Clouts saluted him and calmly locked the door again. Outside the strains of the mouth organ were heard once more. Evidently Clouts was under instructions to remain at his post.

Donald went back to his hammock. He shrugged his shoulders at the futility of it all, his helplessness. He had done all that he could do. And now a sense of complete fatigue began to overcome him. He could not keep his tired eyelids apart.

Slowly, struggling desperately against the imperative need of sleep, he felt himself floating away.

He did not know how long he slept, but it seemed a few minutes only when a cry pierced the mists of unconsciousness. In an instant he was upon his feet, groping in intense darkness.

His hand went out automatically for the electric light, but he snapped the button in vain. The light had ceased. And the vessel had stopped. Her engines were silent. And he heard sounds of a tumult, shouts, and the shuffling feet of runners.

He could not discern from what part of the boat these ominous sounds proceeded. The whole interior of the F55 was like a sounding board. The cries appeared to proceed from every part of her. Donald had never heard such cries save once, and then they came from animal throats. That was when his revenue cutter had surprised a band of pirates at their bloody work on the seal islands.

He heard Ida cry out in his cabin. He cried to her in answer, and, leaping back, he plunged with all his might against the panel, and again, and yet again, until the woodwork splintered.

The cry burst forth again, drowning the sounds of the oaths and scuffling. It was a cry of a woman in mortal fear. Donald drove the splintered timbers before him thru the hole in the wall. He found the girl where she lay beside his berth. He raised her in his arms, and felt one of the blubbery flippers on his hand.

That fight in the little room was always a nightmare remembrance. The yielding body offered Donald no purchase. And the monster fought in silence, apparently incapable of articulation, and the stinging flippers sucked the blood from his face and hands; and, as he pried them away, the flesh rose into welts beneath them.

They swayed and struggled, and thru

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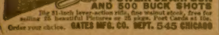

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the inky darkness Donald could hear the sound of similar battles, the curses of men, their agonizing cries, the thudding falls of heavy bodies.

But Donald could not lose with Ida's life at stake. The monster's struggles grew feebler. Donald flung it from him, and heard it shuffle out of the room and into the darkness of the passage. Then he knew that fear ruled among these sea-beasts as upon land.

Suddenly Davies burst into the cabin.

"Paget! I've come to you!" he cried hysterically. "You spoke the truth, sir, and I thought you were mad! I opened the hatches, and they're all over the ship, sir! I've come to die with you!"

Another man ran panting up to them. It seemed strange afterward, when Donald recalled it, how the three seemed to be aware of each other's presence in the little cabin.

It was Sam Clouts.

"They've got us, sir!" he cried. "I fought to the end, but the rest are in the sea, and I'm the only one left! I've locked the entrance to the conning tower, but it's only a question of minutes, sir!"

Donald could hear the monster straining at the door. He felt sure that the steel plating, thin as it was, would yield; not to the sudden exercise of any muscular force, but to the silent, steady pressure of the heavy bodies. The door creaked and groaned under the impact.

"Into the torpedo-room!" gasped Donald. "Thru the escape hatch! We must save Miss Kennedy!" he added.

He snatched up Ida and began groping toward the metallic sheathing which admitted air from above into the torpedo-room.

"I think I can get the tube apart, sir," Clouts volunteered.

The metal pipe ascended from the torpedo-room below to the deck above, like a stove chimney. Donald heard Clouts straining at the galvanized sheeting. Behind them the door seemed cracking.

It seemed an eternity before Donald heard a section of the metal plate rattle upon the floor.

"We'll have to jump, sir!" Clouts panted. "I'll go down first and catch you. Pass along the lady when you hear me call."

Donald heard his leap into the torpedo-room below. A moment later his voice came up the funnel. "I'm ready for the lady, sir!" he called.

Donald raised Ida in his arms and lowered her thru the tube.

"After you, sir," said Davies.

"I have assumed command, Davies," Donald replied.

"Very well, sir," said the middy quietly, and descended. Donald followed him. As he jumped for the floor of the torpedo-room, he heard the scraping sound of flippers on the floor above. But the creaking of the conning tower door had ceased.

"We're saved!" cried Donald. "Davies, they can't force the conning tower. Of course not. That sound is one or two of the beasts who have come down the hatches. You closed them?"

"No, sir. There wasn't time."

"Then they tried to get thru the conning tower, and hadn't reason enough to know that they could get thru the hatches!" cried Donald joyfully.

"Their reason won't get them down the tube, sir, unless they've got bodies as slim as ours," said Clouts. "And they feel like—like barrels, sir," he added.

Overhead, the scraping continued, sometimes approaching the tube and then receding. Presently there came the sound of a commotion. Donald inferred that the sea devils had found the one that he had injured, and that they were satiating their horrible cannibalistic instincts. He heard a body dragged this way and that, and a dreadful rending.

"Great guns!" muttered Sam Clouts suddenly.

"What is it?" Donald inquired.

"I beg your pardon, sir, especially in the presence of a lady. But they—they haven't any voices, sir."

And this seemed, to all of them as well as to Clouts, one of the most horrifying characteristics of the swarm, and the most unnerving.

After a while the swishing began again, and a faint tapping of flippers against the walls, as if the creatures were endeavoring to explore the interior of the ship. Occasionally a faint, phosphorescent luminosity was visible at the top of the tube. But the monsters made no attempt to descend into the torpedo-room. An idea came to Donald.

"Davies! Listen to me!" he said. "They don't know we're here."

"No, sir. I was thinking——"

"That they have no sense of smell."

"Yes, sir."

"And little hearing. At least, that they distinguish sounds only as vibrations."

"Yes, sir. And of course their sense of sight must be extremely limited. And so, roughly, that leaves them only the use of taste and touch, but probably developed far above our own."

"But they knew we were in the boat this afternoon when they attacked us, Davis."

"Well, sir, that's instinct. Have you ever thrown a dead fish into the sea and seen the crabs come scuttling up from all parts to their feast? That isn't sight or smell, sir. That's instinct. If they have only two real senses——"

"We'll beat them, Davies."

"If that's true as they can't hear much, I think, if I might, sir, I'll play a bit on my mouth organ," said Clouts. "Just a low, humming, sir."

"Right, Clouts," answered Donald.

But simultaneously with the first notes there came from above a singular sound. It seemed to be very far away; it was a single, mellow note, the G of a violin, and exquisitely true. It might have been a distant warning buoy anchored amid the tides.

"What's that, Davies?" asked Donald.

"I don't know, sir. The lighthouse stopped operating when the war broke out and the buoys were taken up."

Once more the sound was heard. And suddenly Donald knew that he had heard it before, the same note, tho infinitely less powerful. It was the sound of the finger on the bowl of water within the house in Baltimore.

The scraping in the passage ended in a scurry and did not recur. All thru the night they crouched in the torpedo-room, watching and sleeping by turns, and the silence was broken only by a passing word and the occasional tunefulness of Clout's mouth organ as he played "Sally in Our Alley."

Donald, Ida and the two sailors are in the grip of the dread sea monsters. A series of startling events take place in the following installment which will appear in next week's Ledger.

The Bride of Golden Mountain

(Continued From Page 20)

to transfer his property, and I will fight you thru every court in the land."

"I was coming to you, madame," sneered Simon. "I don't know much about the courts in this part of the country, but you will marry me to save the life of your lover."

"No!" she answered, setting her teeth.

He seized her by the wrists and dragged her across the floor to me.

"Look at him!" he yelled. "Look into his face. Will you marry me if I let him go free?"

"No!" answered Jacqueline.

"I swear to you that he shall be thrown from the top of the cataract, unless you give your consent within five minutes."

"Never!" she answered firmly.

"I will denounce your father!"

"You can't frighten me with such stuff. I am not a weak old man!"

"You will think differently after Charles Duchaine has been hanged in Quebec jail," he sneered.

His words received a wholly unexpected answer. The dotard leaped forward, stooped down, and picked up the heavy roulette-wheel.

He raised it aloft and staggered wildly toward Leroux.

In the mountain fastness Jacqueline and Paul have further extraordinary adventures that you will want to follow up. Another big installment will appear in the Ledger next week.

Quite Convenient.

THERE is going the rounds in Paris a characteristic story of M. Caillaux. The other Sunday afternoon he appeared for the last time before the committee charged with investigating his case. He had, as usual, staggered every one with the absolute coolness with which he met all charges. But when he left the chamber, in the darkness, no cab was to be be found.

"Le Diable," cried the deputy, as he looked in vain for a friendly "fiacre." Then an idea struck him, and he approached a motor car containing detectives.

"Is it you who are shadowing me?" he questioned.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well, then; take me home," said M. Caillaux, as he entered the police car.

Mother and Child.

RALPH MULFORD, the intrepid racing motorist, recently came upon one of the almost extinct species of humans who are not familiar with automobiles and all that pertains to them.

"I was strolling down a lonely mountain road in Kentucky this summer," admits Mr. Mulford, "and encountered an old man and a ragged boy. As we passed the time of day the shrill blare of an automobile horn echoed and re-echoed among the hills and a crimson streak flashed by us and disappeared in a huge cloud of dust. Close behind came a motorcycle.

"After the old fellow had recovered from his paralysis he turned to his son and exclaimed, 'Gosh darn my cats! Who'd a thought that ding-blamed thing had a colt.'"

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SANITARY BEDDING CO., Dept. 116 CHARLOTTE, N. C.

give you as genuine a love as any man can offer a woman. Can't you acknowledge some kindly feeling for me in return?"

"Let me go," she begged in an agitated whisper. "God knows, I anticipated nothing like this!"

"Is the idea so repugnant to you?"

"You are killing me with kindness!"

The quivering rise and fall of her bosom betrayed how profoundly she was disturbed, and the light in her handsome dark eyes signified a melting mood. Even the bruises on Van Vechten's face could not disguise the fondness with which he regarded her.

"Jessie"—his voice vibrated with sudden passion—"you say that we do not—can not—know each other—consider this: A man and a woman come face

The Mystery of No. 1313

(Continued From Page 24)

to face upon Life's broad highway; they look into each other's eyes; and the trick is done. It's destiny, girl. It is the very refined quintessence of perfect love—ideal, idyllic, sublime. In that lightning flash soul speaks to soul, and we learn more than a lifetime of ordinary comradeship can teach. You and I looked into each other's eyes before today. Can you look at me now and truthfully say that you were unmoved?"

She remained silent, panting, shaken with emotion. His ardent look never left her face. After a while he said:

"At least you do not deny it. . . . God!" he broke off in an accession of irritation. "It is intolerable to be at such a tremendous disadvantage at this supreme moment. What a sorry figure of a lover I am! Will you not seal the bargain?"

"I do not understand," she murmured.

"Kiss me."

Without a second's hesitation, she bent down and pressed her lips upon his. His heart leaped up to meet it.

He released her hands, and she returned to the door, where she stopped and faced him again.

"I could learn to love you very easily," she said, and was gone.

Fully ten minutes Van Vechten sat like a man in a trance; then rousing abruptly, he called Barnicle.

"Get me a cigar," he commanded.

Barnicle tried to oppose an objection. "Mr. Rudolph, your nerves, you know—Dr. Pottle——"

"D—n Pottle! Fetch me a cigar!"

Barnicle fled.

Next week it will all be cleared up for you, all the puzzling things which have made this so vivid and unusual a story. And we promise it will be cleared up to your entire satisfaction.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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LIFE INSURANCE SALESMEN WANTED—Two or three men, single preferred, with clean records, good habits, and experience in selling insurance—life, accident or health. Must have good references. Those with energy, perseverance, and pep can make big money. Salary and commission offered to those who can qualify. Address P. O. Box 1082, St. Joseph, Mo.

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FUEL SAVER—BEST SELLING PROPOSItion of season; chemical compound saves 20% to 40% of coal; makes cheapest quality soft coal burn like hard coal; does away with smoke and soot; thousands of satisfied users; unlimited earning capacity for live agents; 60c package treats one ton coal; repeat orders sure and quick; virgin territories going fast. Address Sut-Not, 461 N. Sangamon St., Chicago.

AGENTS: SOMETHING NEW. 2 IN 1 REversible raincoat. Not sold in stores. Two coats for the price of one. Guaranteed. Big seller. Clear $12.00 a day. Write for territory and demonstrating sample. Guaranteed Raincoat Co., 3811 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. HA, 435 Broadway, New York.

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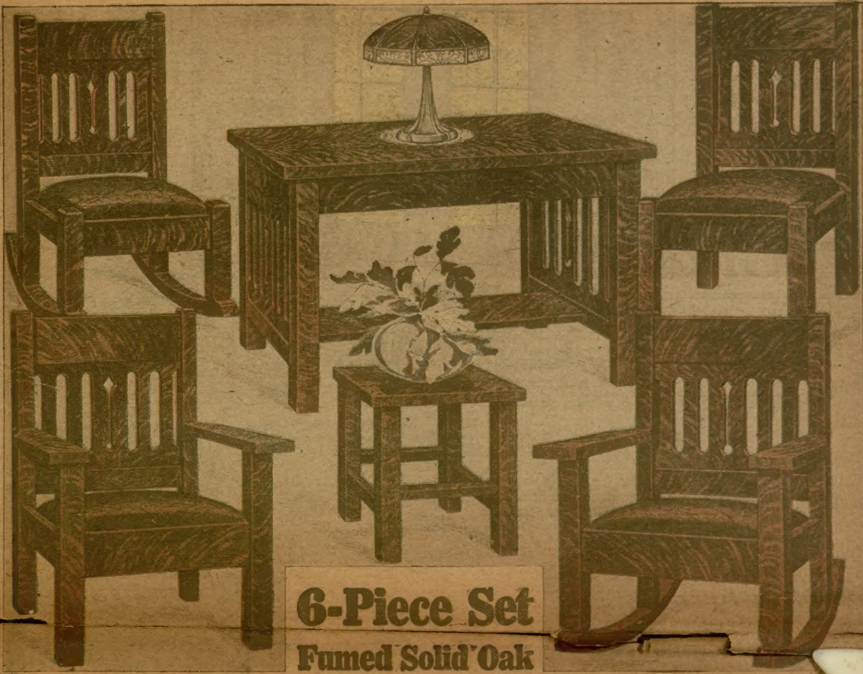

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